

The Sketch

No. 793.—Vol. LXI.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1908.

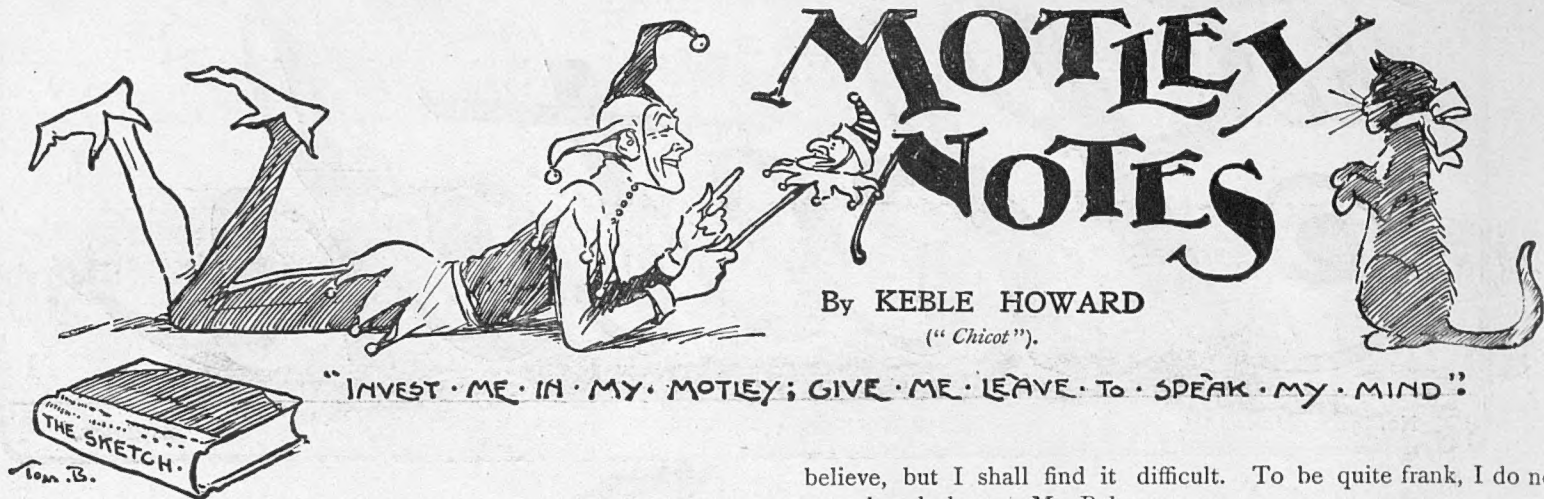
SIXPENCE.



SHYLOCK FOR THE FIRST TIME: MR. TREE IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Mr. Tree played Shylock for the first time on Saturday last, the first night of his production of "The Merchant of Venice," and scored a great personal success.

Photograph by F. W. Burford.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

For Love of Shakespeare.

One wishes that the average grown person could be persuaded to pay a little more outward respect to the birth of Nature's year. In his veins, of course, as in his heart, even the top-hatted City gentleman of middle age rejoices in the return of the sun, the budding of the flowers in his front-garden, and the inclusion, once again, of "Lamb and Mint Sauce" in the menu of his favourite restaurant. Yet so ungrateful is he for these annual delights that he walks to the station at the October, November, or December pace, plumps himself down in the same corner of the same railway-compartment with the same little grunt, offers his travelling-companions the same conservative salutation, reads the same columns of the same daily paper all the way to town, and thinks the same thoughts of the world and all that is therein. I would beg of him to spurn convention and let his natural feelings betray themselves in his gait. A little skip as he moves along the platform, a gay trill as he boards the train, a line or two of poetry as the ticket-collector makes his round, and he would be the happier in having made his fragment of the world the sunnier. I cannot help thinking that it would be a joyous day for England if the nation at large would take these few words to heart. What finer Memorial could we raise to Will Shakespeare, so aptly described by Mr. Compton as "the divine one"?

The Family Log.

"Sweet Seventeen" has hit upon a novel and interesting idea that I should like to bring before my readers. "Sweet Seventeen" keeps a "Family Log," something after the style of the seaside weather-reports in your daily paper. By way of illustration, my correspondent has very kindly forwarded me a sample page. Here it is—

MONDAY.

	Temperature.	Hours of Sunshine.	Remarks.
FATHER	Low at first, rising on loss of gloves.	2.5	A disappointing day for time of year.
MOTHER	High almost all day.	.7	Very Mondayish.
ETHEL	Rising and falling with marked rapidity.	4.2	Generally unsettled, owing to absence of letter from Percy.
ARTHUR	Low in morning; much higher after dinner.	nil	Gloomy in the house, but quite fine next door.
MILDRED	Normal.	3.5	Colourless, with attempts at superiority.
SELF	Delightfully even.	9.6	A perfect day.

The Growl of the Critic.

Continuing, now, my brief remarks on the subject of the homage that we owe to Spring, the gaiety of outward demeanour might well be accompanied, I think, by a kindlier, brighter tone in public writings and public utterances. On a joyous April morning, it jars one to read, for example, the remarks of Mr. John Balance with regard to the modern private dancer. This is the way in which Mr. Balance, who, I am sure, loves his fellow-man, describes the ball-room waltz: "Two persons like bears hugging one another, and slowly and heavily as bears growling their way round a room—plod, plod, plod. This is the modern private dancer." Out upon you, Mr. Balance! I deny, strenuously, that the typical English girl growls as she waltzes, or that she hugs her partner like a bear. Indeed, is it not a little bearish in you to write such things? It may be that the typical young Englishman growls in the ball-room, but he does not do it whilst he is dancing. He dare not. He growls to himself as the person of officious mien approaches, with the obvious intent of routing him from his lair. But that is quite another matter. As for his hugging propensities, I have nothing to say. I will try to

believe, but I shall find it difficult. To be quite frank, I do not attend such dances, Mr. Balance.

The Complete Pedestrian.

A matter of considerable importance to pedestrians—that numerous class—was cleared up last week. The City Recorder, in his charge to the grand jury, said, "Pedestrians are not compelled to stick to the pavement. They have a right to walk in the road." You see, the pavement is merely that portion of the thoroughfare denied to the driver of the motor-omnibus and kindred lethal weapons. It is intended, as a matter of fact, for the nervous, the disabled, and the effete. The young and able-bodied, after the dictum of the City Recorder, will undoubtedly exercise their privilege of walking in the middle of the roadway. Just at first, there may be a few misunderstandings. The drivers of horsed and motor vehicles have grown so accustomed to the sight of the skipping pedestrian that they are pretty sure to make a few awkward, silly mistakes, thereby covering themselves with blood and confusion. Let me urge upon my fellow-pedestrians, however, to maintain a firm and steadfast attitude in this matter. Do not, upon any consideration, shrink from the encounter. Yield, if necessary, your life, but never yield your right of way. Personally, I shall be away from town for the next few days, in a place where there is no wheeled traffic worth talking about. In spirit, none the less, I shall be with you in the heart of the Strand. Walk on!

A Hint for Mr. Asquith.

I am rejoiced to see that Lady Grove struck the optimistic note at the Caxton Hall. Talking of bazaars, Lady Grove gave it as her opinion that "there can be no question about the absolute gentility of a bazaar." I am glad to know of this, because I have always thought well of bazaars myself. I have heard grumbling fellows describe the methods of raising money at bazaars in the most opprobrious terms. I have heard them declare that they were robbed, and that their intelligence had been insulted. But, I ask, do these things prove that a bazaar is not genteel? And, so long as a thing is genteel, who cares what other accusation may be brought against it? If the leaders of the Liberal party could but persuade the public that the Licensing Bill is a striving after gentility!

The Children's Corner.

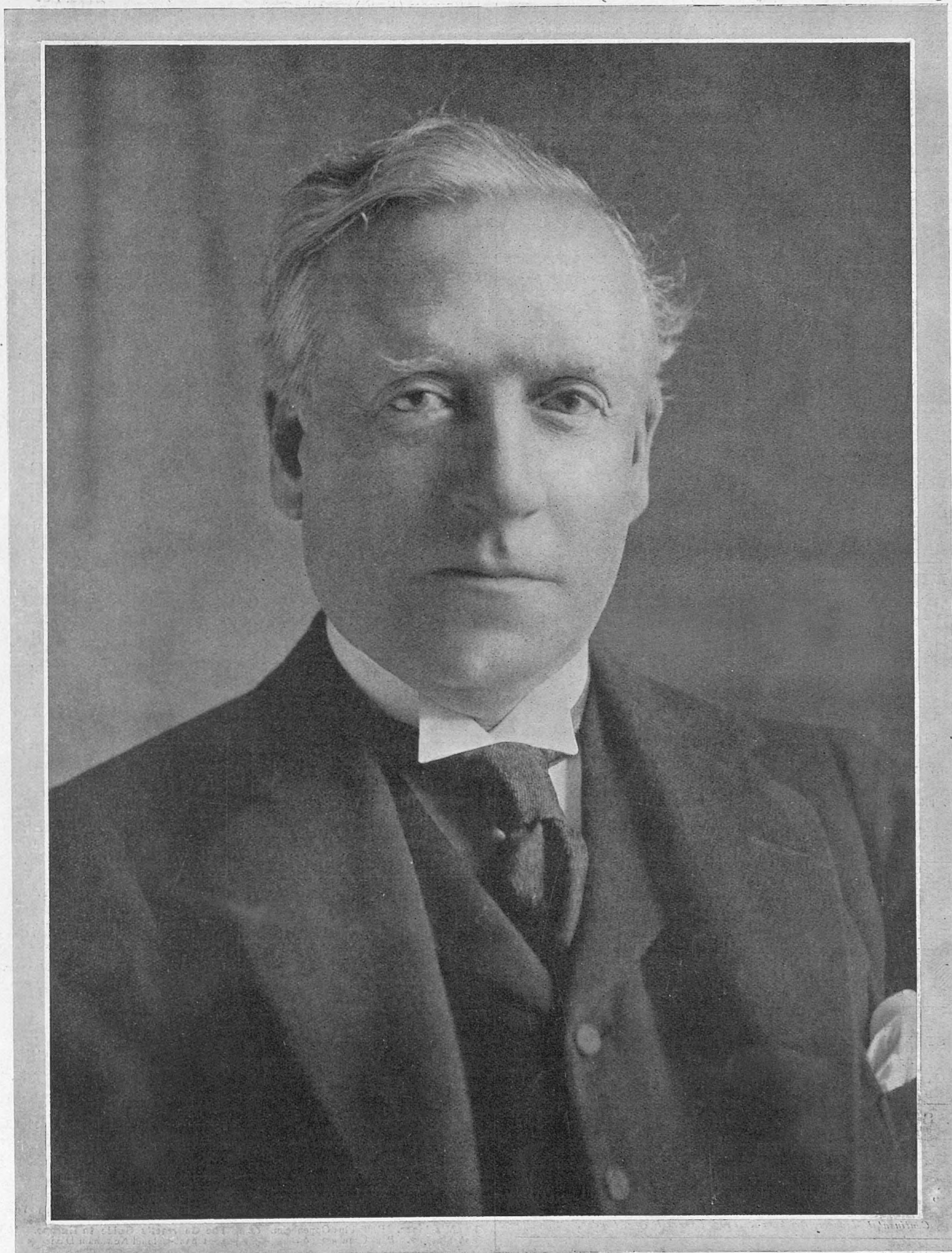
WILLIE AND THE WATERSPOUT.

A little boy and his mother were standing on the seashore. "Mother," said the little boy suddenly, "what is all that water shooting up into the air out there?" "That," said his mother, "is the King of the Mermans, making himself very important." "And what is that little bubble, mother, only a few yards from where we are standing?" "That," said his mother, "is the very smallest of the mermaids, making herself as important as she can under the circumstances." "Oh!" said the little boy thoughtfully. A little later, when they were leaving the shore, the small boy noticed that both the waterspout and the tiny bubble had disappeared. The sea was calm and unruffled. "Have both the King of the Mermans and the tiniest of the mermaids left off being important now?" he asked. "Yes," said his mother; "they have gone in to dinner." "Then," said the little boy, "I don't see that there's so very much difference between them, after all."

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THE FIRST LAWYER PRIME MINISTER FOR NEARLY A CENTURY.



THE RT. HON. HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH, PRIME MINISTER IN SUCCESSION
TO SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

Mr. Asquith is the first lawyer who has been Prime Minister since Spencer Perceval held office from 1809 till 1812. Mr. Asquith is fifty-five, was born at Morley, Yorkshire, and has had a long and brilliant career at the Bar. He first entered Parliament in 1886, as Member for East Fife. He was called to the Bar in 1876, took silk in 1890, was Secretary of State for the Home Department from 1892 till 1895, was an Ecclesiastical Commissioner for the same period, and has been Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord Rector of Glasgow University since 1905. He was educated at the City of London School and at Balliol College, Oxford. Mr. Asquith has been twice married—first to Helen, daughter of the late Mr. F. Melland, of Manchester, who died in 1891; secondly to Miss Margot Tennant, daughter of Sir Charles Tennant, Bt.—[Photograph by Haines.]

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

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SMALL TALK



TO MARRY MR. LIONEL FAUDEL-PHILLIPS, MISS ARMYNE GORDON, NIECE OF LORD HUNTLY.

Photograph by Thomson.

Lord Burnham; he is an enthusiastic amateur gardener, and, like his bride-elect, is devoted to every form of outdoor sport.

A Terrific Task. It may not be generally known that every successive Chinese Minister to this country is ordered by that remarkable lady, the Dowager Empress, to prepare for her private delectation a complete and detailed history of the British Constitution. None of them has done it, so far as is known, and their excuses have been most ingenious. For instance, Mr. Wang, who retired only last year, who did not know a word of English, contemplated the British Constitution for a long time, and then evolved a masterly way of escape. He wrote to Peking stating that he had progressed some way with his studies of the British Constitution, when he suddenly discovered that one powerful party in the State was bent on destroying the venerable House of Lords. Consequently, until the result of this struggle should be known, he considered it wise to suspend his history, as by the time he had finished it the Constitution might be so transformed that his work would create a wrong impression, and even actually deceive the imperial mind. This excuse was solemnly accepted, and the task passed on to his successor, Lord Li.

Lord Li. Lord Li, the new Chinese Minister, is a stout, bland gentleman, of better birth than some of his predecessors. He was the favourite nephew and heir of our old friend Li Hung Chang, and as he succeeded to much of that astute statesman's wealth, he is exceedingly rich. If it be true, as reported, that he intends to entertain a great deal, it will be very interesting, and a dinner at Richmond House, Portland Place, will become quite the thrill of the moment. For in official Chinese hospitality there are two sorts of banquets: (1) the bird's-nest soup feast, and (2) the crackling of sucking-pig feast. Of these the first is by far superior, for it includes all the dishes of the second, together with such costly viands as stags'-cartilage, seaweed, fungus, lotus-seeds, ducks'-feet, and sea-slug.

ONE of the smartest of after-Easter marriages will be that of Miss Armyne Gordon, Lord Huntly's pretty niece — her brother is heir-presumptive to the marquise — and Mr. Lionel Faudel-Phillips. Miss Gordon is nothing if not versatile; she is a champion walker, a fearless horsewoman, and as a swimmer she is second to few. She is also an exquisite dancer, having inherited this delightful feminine accomplishment from her mother, the late Lady Granville

Gordon. Mr. Faudel-Phillips is connected with journalism through his uncle,

The Chinese sea-slug is gastronomically something between the snail and the turtle. Do not be frightened by its thin, quivering, black or mottled slices. Save that it is rather salt to the Western palate, it is really a great dainty, superior to most oysters.

An Easter-Week Wedding.

On April 25, a descendant of Charles II. will be married at St. John's, Great Marlborough Street, for the bridegroom, Mr. Cyril Fitzroy, is a grandson of the

late Lord William Fitzroy, and a younger cousin of the venerable Duke

TO MARRY A DESCENDANT OF CHARLES II.: MISS MARGARET DURHAM, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. CYRIL FITZROY.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

of Grafton. His bride, Miss Margaret Durham, is the only daughter of the popular Vicar of Ladbroke, Warwickshire.

A Crown Princess as Equestrienne. The German Crown Princess has already proved that she is in every way more modern in her ideas than is her husband's mother, the gentle Kaiserin Augusta. Though the latter was in her youth an accomplished horsewoman, she was never an enthusiastic equestrienne; but the young Crown Princess is devoted to horses, and even as a child was a fearless rider. She is never happier than when on horseback; she delights in driving tandem, and also a four-in-hand, and she is very proud of the fact that her own and the Crown Prince's stables contain sixty horses, each of flawless breed.

The Lord Chamberlain as Chaperon.

Lord Althorp, most good-looking and courtly of Lord Chamberlains, is about to appear in a new rôle, for his eldest daughter, the Hon. Adelaide (Delia) Spencer, is making her début this year. Miss Spencer, through her lamented mother, is niece to a group of distinguished ladies, of whom perhaps the best known is the Countess of Kenmare. Both the King and Queen take a very special interest in Lord Althorp's children, and it will be remembered that her Majesty acted as sponsor in person to the baby girl whose birth immediately preceded her mother's death.

The "Tiger" Disaster.

Once more manœuvring with lights out, a practice followed, until recently at all events, by Britain and Japan alone, has caused a disaster; yet it is a disaster that, in a measure, was necessary if the naval supremacy of this country is to be maintained and the dash of officers and men encouraged. The officer in command of the *Tiger*, Lieutenant William Edmund Middleton, who, with many men, died in pursuit of duty as surely as though killed in battle, joined the senior service as a naval cadet in January 1894. Two years later he became a midy; three-and-a-half years after that a sub-lieutenant; and in October 1901 lieutenant.



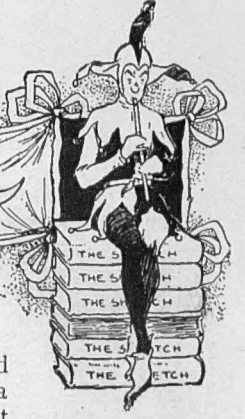
ACCOMPLISHED ROYAL EQUESTRIANS: THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OUT RIDING.

Photograph by G. Haechel.



THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S ELDEST DAUGHTER: THE HON. ADELAIDE (DELIA) SPENCER, WHO IS MAKING HER DÉBUT THIS YEAR.

Photograph by Beresford.



THE CLUBMAN

OUR MOST INTERESTING VISITOR THIS SUMMER—A KING WHO IS A NOBODY—QUEER THINGS ABOUT NEPAL.

PROBABLY the most interesting of the nation's foreign guests this summer will be the Prime Minister of Nepal, who is going to cross the black water—the "Kala Pani," as they call it in India—to pay his respects to the ruler of the greatest of Nepal's allies. Nepal is an independent kingdom which lies between India and Tibet, and it differs in many ways from the other countries of the globe. The King of the country is a nobody. He lives in a palace and eats good food, but he is a mere cypher. The ruler of the kingdom is the Prime Minister, or Dewan, and this office is held in succession by the brothers of one family. When a Prime Minister dies or is murdered, his eldest son does not succeed to the post; the brother next in age to the dead man becomes Prime Minister. It is only when all the brothers of a generation have held the office that the sons of the eldest brother come into the succession.

This, naturally enough, is annoying to the younger generation, and the statesman who is coming to visit us and his brothers determined to upset this method of transferring the office. They were sons of the youngest of seven brothers, and their chances of ever holding very high office were small. Bir Shumshere, our visitor of this summer, had, however, been put in command of four picked regiments, which, in case of necessity, were to join the British forces in Afghanistan. Bir and his brothers went to their uncle, the Prime Minister's house, to show him a new rifle they had received from India. The rifle went off, the Prime Minister was killed, and Bir, supported by the troops, became the ruler of Nepal in his stead.

All this happened a long while ago—as far back as 1885; and though Nepal and its rulers were in the black books of the Indian Government for a time, the goodwill of the kingdom was too valuable to be lost, for we draw all our Gurkha recruits from the Nepalese hill country, and Bir was forgiven after a time and made a

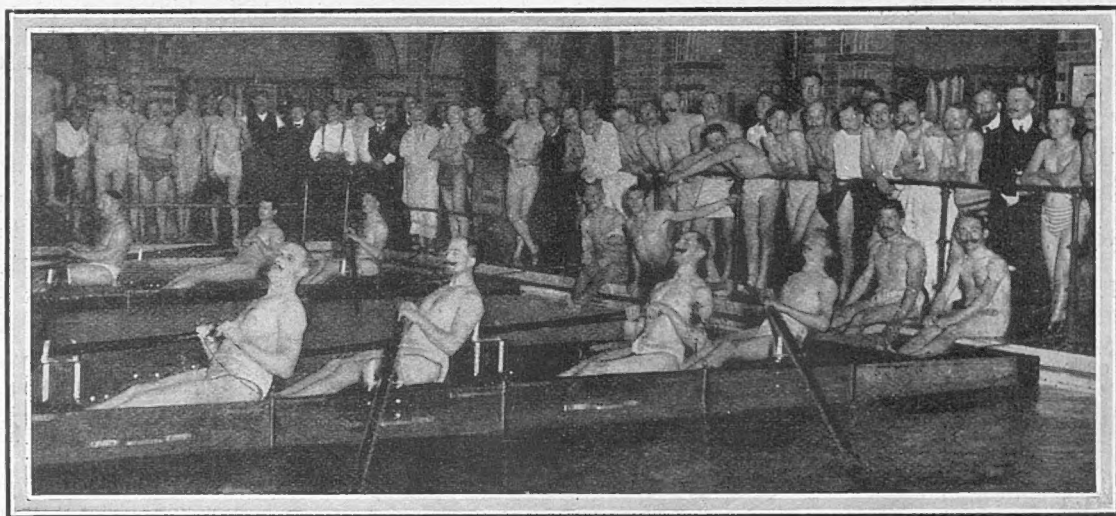
innocent old gentleman with a butterfly-net walked about the hills and valley of Sikkim; and then a path was made, and then the British Government gobbled up the country. Nepal has no intention of allowing the process to be repeated in its case. A British Resident lives at Khatmandu, the capital, and keeps an eye on the foreign policy of the country; but he may only go up to this town by one path, and may not move beyond the valley in which it is situated. He may invite up any friends he likes, but they are bound by the same limitations. In the Nepal Terai, the great ramp of jungle and forest-land which leads up to the first barrier of the Himalayan foot-hills,

the Nepalese are not so exclusive. Any of our princes or noblemen who go out to India are always asked by the Nepal Government to come and shoot tigers in the Terai.

Curiously enough, the Nepalese do not look on the tiger as the royal beast we consider him. The rhinoceros is the king of animals in their opinion, and no one but the Prince on the throne, the

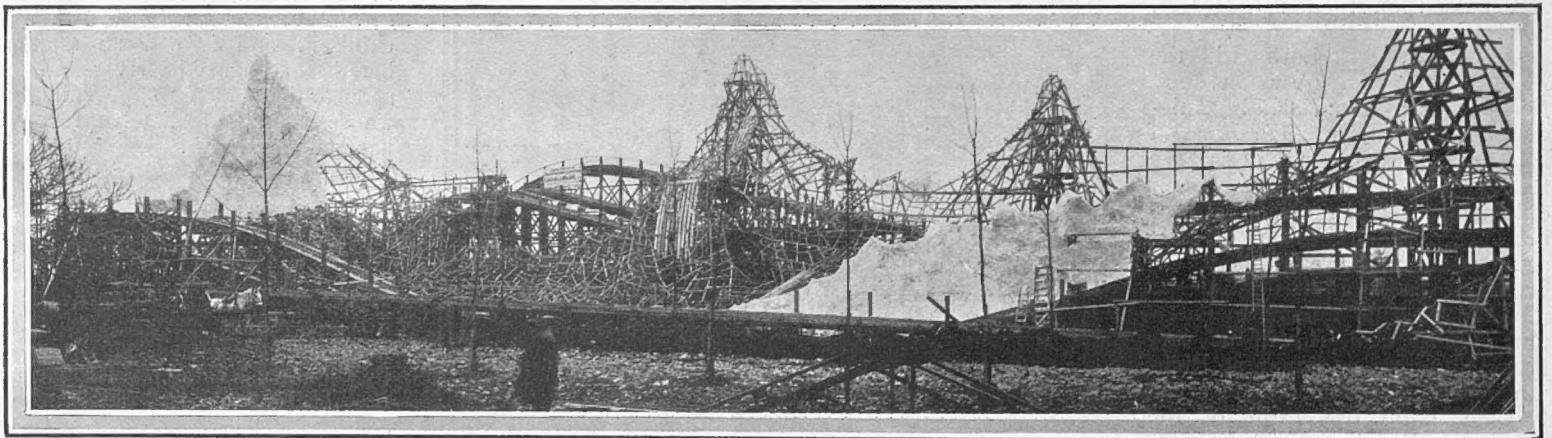
Prime Minister, and his brothers is allowed to shoot rhinos. Occasionally, but only very occasionally, an exception is made to this rule. The tiger holds a second place. One of the stories which the Gurkhas are fond of telling over their camp-fires is a tale that Jung Bahadur, the great Nepalese Prime Minister of Mutiny days, died through a mauling he received from a tiger. He was so angry that he should have been conquered by a mere beast that he gave orders as he lay dying that any man who told the real cause of his death should have his tongue torn out and his face cut across with kukris. As a matter of fact, Jung Bahadur died of an overdose of opium.

Jung Bahadur visited England in 1850, and very nearly lost his life (for a conspiracy was formed against him in his absence) and quite lost his "caste" by doing so. The vast fine which Jung



ALMOST AN ANTICIPATION OF MR. PUNCH'S IDEA: OARSMEN IN TRAINING IN A BERLIN SWIMMING-BATH.

Only last week Mr. Punch asked why the University Boat-race could not be held in a swimming-bath, the crews pulling against each other in *one* boat. Germany has, in a measure, anticipated Mr. Punch. Certain of her oarsmen keep in training during the winter by rowing in special boats fixed in a swimming-bath, in the manner here illustrated.



MAKING MOUNTAINS AT SHEPHERD'S BUSH: BUILDING SNOW-CAPPED PEAKS FOR THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

K.C.S.I. Lord Roberts went up to Khatmandu to review the Nepalese Army, and the Nepalese Prime Minister paid a return visit to India, and was present at a camp of exercise and at some manoeuvres. But though Nepal loves Great Britain with a brotherly affection, it has no intention of allowing Britons to run loose over the land. All the nations on our eastern frontier in India remember how an

Bahadur had to pay to the Brahmins to recover his "caste," which was forfeited by his crossing the sea, makes every priest in India lick his lips when he recalls the matter. Our coming visitor, unless he has obtained a dispensation by pre-payment, will have to satisfy the Brahmins to an equal extent when he gets back to Khatmandu. One of the mysteries of Nepal is the fate of Nana Sahib.

Club Badges: "The Sketch's" Special Series.



IV.—ALMACK'S.

Photograph of Miss Sylvia Storey by S. Elwin Neame; of the Room by Bulbeck.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"SHOCKERS" AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

THE comparative failure of the Grand Guignol Company at the Shaftesbury leaves us convinced that the stage is not quite successful in dealing with the terrible. It may be hinted that our visitors aimed rather at the horrible than the terrible; certainly there is a distinction. "L'Angoisse" seeks the one, "Les Trois Messieurs du Havre" the other. In the former, an effort was made to give one delicious, creepy thrills; the other was directly painful, by a frank appeal to one's taste for blood. "Gardien de Phare," another of the novelties, in its earlier scenes tried to create an impression of mysterious terror, but soon became brutal. Yet the main idea is susceptible of dignity; there is a little tragic tale somewhere in Motley's "Dutch Republic" of an heroic Dutchman who, during a night attack on the Spaniards, found himself in danger of betraying the approach by sneezing, and got a comrade to drive a dagger into his heart so as to prevent his involuntary treason. At the bottom, after seeing the Grand Guignol plays, one comes to doubt whether the stage is a good medium for the terrible of an imaginative kind. The fact that an author so popular in Paris as Poe has rarely been adapted shows the difficulty felt in handling the imaginatively terrible. French literature is not so rich as English in tales of imaginative terror, and though there are some striking tales by Erckmann-Chatrian, the short stories by Gogol, the Russian, and Hoffmann stand far higher. There are some fine efforts by Barbey d'Aurevilly and Villiers de L'Isle-Adam, and of Guy de Maupassant, such as "Sur l'Eau"; yet the tendency of the Latin as compared with the Teutonic races is rather to the bloodily horrible, which seems vulgar on the stage, than to the mysteriously terrible, which generally defies the dramatist. Of course I am not attempting to speak exhaustively.

Looking back at the efforts within my time to produce blood-curdling effects upon the stage, I find that very few have been noteworthy. Two or three minutes of the Mansfield Lyceum production of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" were terrible. Mr. Bouchier's presentation of Poe's madhouse story was a bit creepy, if not exactly imaginative. The effect of "L'Intruse" in the book was immense, but only trifling when acted. The now out-of-date "She" impressed countless readers, but the version at the Gaiety refused to be thrilling, despite an able performance by poor Sophie Eyre in the name-part. One must distinguish strongly

between the carnally horrible and the imaginative. The torture scene in "La Tosca," which caused complaints from Lemaître and Mr. Walkley; the brutal thrashing scenes in "It Is Never Too Late to Mend," which induced Tomlins, of the *Morning Advertiser*, to make a protest in the theatre, that led to a big to-do; the flogging scenes in "The Sign of the Cross" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; and a fit in a melodrama at the Princess's, so vividly executed by Mr. Robert Pateman that it gave most of us "fits," merely belong to the Chamber of Horrors of the stage.

Charles Warner by his prodigiously able performance as Coupeau, in "Drink," horrified and disgusted a good many people; but it will be recollected that his attempt at the terrible in "Au Téléphone" was by no means successful, though the fault was not his. Yet in that play I can recollect that half an act before the real horrors began was rather creepy, because the situation suggested the coming of awful events. There one sees the secret of the matter. It was possible to call our imagination to help, and make us shudder at the thought of what might be coming; but when it came, the actual sight and sound destroyed all illusion. In novels, right to the end the author can avoid all this disillusion of sight and sound.

The dramatist can get on very well when he has to do with the mere human horrible, like "Les Etrangleurs de Paris" or the Sicilian brawls, and used to get something of an effect with Pepper's Ghosts in adaptations of Scott; nevertheless, he is rarely successful

with fights in which swords are used, for in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is flagrantly obvious that the combatants are taking vast pains to avoid hurting one another. All his resources of darkened stage and queer lights and tremolo music as a rule leave our nerves unwrung. I ought not to forget that in Mr. Esmond's clever, uneven play, "Bogey," there was a thrill, but though the playwright time after time can cause us to shudder for a few moments, we become calmly critical too soon, because our optical apparatus sees more and sees less than the mind's eye; and though we are afraid to go to bed after reading some stories, and sorry afterwards we did not sit up all night, such efforts as those of "Le Grand Guignol" in the way of the horrible or terrible are little more than hors d'œuvres to the supper we take after them; and if we have a nightmare later on, the lobster salad or the Welsh rarebit for once in a way is really the culprit.



"THE MORALS OF MARCUS" IN ESPERANTO: MISS MARIE DORO AS CARLOTTA, THE CHARACTER SHE IS TO PLAY IN THE ESPERANTO VERSION OF MR. LOCKE'S PLAY.

Mr. W. J. Locke's "The Morals of Marcus" has been translated into Esperanto, and will be played in that language at a series of six matinées in May. Miss Marie Doro, the creator of the part in America, is to be the Carlotta of this version, and she is already word-perfect. If enough actors who know the new language cannot be found in London, Mr. Frohman proposes to invite certain of the amateur actors and actresses of Bordighera to come to this country. Quite a number of people at Bordighera speak Esperanto, and several amateur theatrical performances in that language have been given there.

Photograph by Hall.

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OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!—CURIOSITIES OF NATURE.



A CHAPEL IN DISGUISE.

Our photograph shows the Laurentius Chapel in the Schneekoppe as it appeared after a recent heavy fall of snow. The building behind the chapel on the left is an inn. It will be noted that in the photograph the snow-covered chapel resembles a roughly made haystack. In actuality, of course, the whiteness of the snow prevented this illusion.



HOUSES DESIGNED TO CHECK THE DEVIL.

The houses stand at the entrance to a Cornish village, Veryan, and the crosses were erected upon them that the devil might be kept out of the village. They were built by the vicar of the place about a hundred years ago.

Photograph by Rastin.

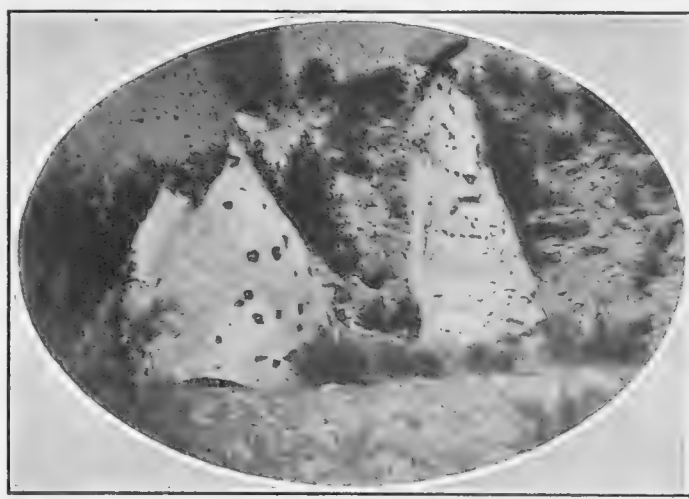


A MAZE OF LAKES: A CURIOSITY OF THE DUTCH EAST INDIES.

The lakes are at Garoet, and are used both as reservoirs and for purposes of irrigation.

A STONE IN WHICH THIRTY PEOPLE LIVE;
YERMOLOFF'S ROCK.

During the course of the centuries the enormous stone here illustrated, which is known as Yermoloff's Rock, has been so tunnelled that it resembles a gigantic rabbit-warren. In its interior, says a Russian paper, live five families, numbering no fewer than thirty people. The stone is in the Caucasus, within half a mile of the Georgian military road. Its gigantic size may be judged by the figure that may be seen upon it in our photograph.

STONE TENTS OF OTOWI, IN THE COUNTRY
OF THE PREHISTORIC CLIFF-DWELLERS.

The stone tents number about fifty, and vary in height from fifteen to forty feet. They are natural cones of grey volcanic tufa, and are in Otowi Canyon, Pajarito Park, New Mexico. The use to which these stone tents were put is, of course, a matter of conjecture; some argue that they were the dwelling-places of the chiefs of the cliff-dwellers, who had their homes in Otowi Canyon; others, that they were consecrated to religion.—[Photograph by Cowan.]



ENGAGED TO MR. HESKETH PRICHARD:
LADY ELIZABETH GRIMSTON.

Photograph by Alice Hughes

and his gracious Consort have a great many private friends, not only among the old exclusive Legitimist French society, but also among those who are attached to the Napoleonic dynasty, as well as the modern Republicans. All these different elements have given Lord and Lady Killarney the warmest of welcomes, both for their own sake and for the sake of the Entente.

Lady Elizabeth Grimston. Lady Elizabeth Grimston will be one of the prettiest of this season's brides, and her marriage is likely to be graced by an exceptional number of lovely women, for she comes of a family famed for the beauty of its daughters. Through her mother, the Countess of Verulam, Lady Elizabeth is a granddaughter of Lady Hermione Graham, and a niece of the Duchess of Montrose; while yet another of her aunts was the beautiful first wife of Lord Crewe, with whose daughters, her first cousins, Mr. Hesketh Prichard's bride has spent a great deal of her young life.

Prince Edward's Yacht, the "Corisande." Prince Edward is probably the youngest royal yacht-owner in the world, for the Prince of Wales has just presented his son with a 160-ton boat, the *Corisande*. The yacht is over thirty years old, and was for many years a successful racer. She has had three previous owners, of



THE PROPERTY OF THE YOUNGEST ROYAL YACHT-OWNER IN THE WORLD: PRINCE EDWARD OF WALES'S "CORISANDE."

Photograph by West and Son.

whom the most distinguished was the Duke of Leeds. The little Prince is devoted to the sea: as a tiny boy he was the happy owner of a splendid fleet of model battle-ships. Prince Edward will sail the *Corisande* in the Solent during the summer term at Osborne.

A Cabinet Engagement.

The betrothal of Mr. Reginald M'Kenna, one of the most brilliant of the Premier's lieutenants, to Miss Pamela Jekyll, the younger daughter of Sir Herbert and Lady Jekyll, is the most interesting event of the kind which has taken place since the engagement of the then Home Secretary, Mr. Asquith, to Miss Margot Tennant was made known to an expectant world. Miss Jekyll, though still in earliest youth—she made her debut only a few months

ago—is already known as a witty and accomplished conversationalist, and she has lived the whole of her short life in a brilliant intellectual set. Her maternal grandfather was one of the first and most discriminating patrons of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and both her

mother, Lady Jekyll, and her aunt, Lady Horner,

are noted for their exquisite taste. The President of the Board of Education, though considerably older than his bride-elect, is still quite a young-looking man; he was in his Varsity days a noted athlete, and he still goes in for many forms of active exercise.

A Charming Debutante.

Among this year's debutantes, few enter life under such bright and happy auspices as does Miss Millicent James, the eldest daughter of the popular owner of West Dean and his beautiful, accomplished wife. The modern mother is often said to look like the sister of her own daughter, and this, in the case of Mrs. Willie James and of her eldest child, is strictly true, for Mrs. James still looks scarcely older than a girl herself. Miss James has spent most of her young life at West Dean, the stately country seat which nestles under the great down crowned by the Goodwood Race-course. There she and her sisters are much loved by the villagers, to whom they show unfailing kindness; and there also the eldest daughter of the house has often helped her parents to entertain brilliant house-parties.

The Cut Direct. The country breathes freely again, assured now that Lord Althorp, the "Bobby" Spencer of many pleasant yesterdays, is not to be impeached for the loss of the royal wreaths which did not reach the graveside of the Duke of



ELDEST DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. WILLIE JAMES: MISS MILLICENT JAMES.

Photograph by Alice Hughes.



THE ENGAGEMENT OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION: MR. REGINALD M'KENNA, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS PAMELA JEKYLL.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



THE ENGAGEMENT OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION: MISS PAMELA JEKYLL, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. REGINALD M'KENNA.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

of many pleasant yesterdays, is not to be impeached for the loss of the royal wreaths which did not reach the graveside of the Duke of Devonshire. So careful and accurate a man as the Red Earl's half-brother is the last to figure in such a contretemps. He has made his way through political life almost without a cloud upon his genial brow. Almost, but not entirely. The one exception was a curiosity of the strenuous old days when Mr. Gladstone had first divided his party. Lord Althorp, a Liberal Whip at the time, had been invited by the then Duke of Westminster to dine with him. The invitation was accepted, but between the date of its acceptance and the night of the party the future Lord Chamberlain lunched with Mr. Parnell at the Eighty Club. This was an offence inexpiable in the eyes of the Duke. He curtly wrote revoking the invitation; and all the world that knew of it wondered.



THE FOUR-A-SIDE FERRY-BOAT: A REMARKABLE CRAFT.

As may be noted, the boat is manned by eight, and it is set in motion by means of the levers shown. In order to make our picture more attractive than it would have been had the craft been empty, we have placed in the boat some of the prettiest of our younger actresses.
Photographs of the Misses Gladys Carrington, Fraser, Gladys Cooper, and Doris Cooper by Bassano; photograph of the boat by Jaap.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Germany and Oxford.

The Oxford crew doubtless had the good wishes of the German Emperor in their race on Saturday. For years they used to receive unmistakable testimony of his interest in their doings. Until the death of Max Müller never a Boat-Race day passed without a telegram from Kaiser William expressing his royal hope that the Dark Blues might triumph. That was long before Cecil Rhodes, with his scholarship scheme for German students, gave the Emperor a nearer and personal interest in the University which last year bestowed upon him the highest academic distinction which it has in its power to grant. The degree of Doctor of Civil Law was conferred upon the German Emperor on a day of excitement. "What is the duty of the proctors?" his Majesty asked Lord Curzon. "To keep order, your Majesty," was the reply. The Emperor chuckled heartily. He had just been reading how the Oxford Dons had been at their wits' end on the previous night to curb the enthusiastic

to an average victim of gout, is an impossibility; there be neither words nor figures for it. The nearest approximation to an adequate description we owe to the philosopher of experience. He expressed it in this form: "You put your foot in a vice, and you turn the handle until you can bear the pain no longer—that is rheumatism. Then you give the handle another turn—that is gout."

Wasted Ambassadors.

The solicitude of official Berlin for the new American Ambassador is quite affecting. If he be not rich, he cannot worthily uphold the honour and dignity of his great and glorious country. Let America therefore send a man bounteously endowed with the dollars of the land in which that coin is king; otherwise, poverty will devour him at the Prussian Court. Clearly the best way would have been for Berlin to make the present representative of the United States a permanent official. The Germans are not the first people to hate



WHERE GERMANY KEEPS HER WAR-CHEST OF SIX MILLIONS: THE JULIUS TOWER AT SPANDAU.

Germany's £6,000,000 of war treasure, the greater part of the French indemnity of 1871, is kept in the Julius Tower at Spandau, where, of course, it is guarded with the greatest care. It was taken to the Tower in 1874 by a battalion of soldiers, and is encompassed by walls that are over six-and-a-half feet thick. The keys of the Tower are in the keeping of the Commander of the Spandau garrison. The treasure itself is held in 1200 boxes. Only the other day several members of the Reichstag urged that the money ought to be used for the Empire's current necessities, but they were outvoted on the ground that in time of need the treasure would play a most necessary part, for then the £6,000,000 in question would not have to be withdrawn from circulation. It was also argued that the money should not be touched as an outbreak of war might coincide with a financial crisis.—[Photograph by Selle and Kuntze.]

ebullitions of the undergraduates at the Fifth of November celebrations.

Fire-Plug or Frederick Plumptre.

The German Emperor must at one time have been pretty familiar with the humours of Oxford life, if Max Müller, that "delightful man" as he called him, kept him duly posted. The learned Professor's early experience of the University, if recounted to his Majesty, must have surprised him exceedingly. Müller's tales of Dr. Plumptre, Master of University College, were startling. The dear old gentleman, tall, stiff, and imposing, was never seen in public save in cap and gown, with two solemn-visaged bedels preceding him, one bearing a gold, the other a silver "poker" in his hands. His dignity of deportment was preserved. Müller was assured, and believed, by sleeping in starched sheets. On the walls of certain houses, at a distance of ten feet from the ground, Müller saw the letters "F.P." which really stand for fire-plug, but which the stranger was readily induced to regard as marking the height of this same terrible Frederick Plumptre.

A Pain-Measurer.

Gout, which causes the retirement of Mr. Fenwick from the bench at Bow Street, is one of the ailments which makes a man readily believe that the sin of the father is visited upon his children unto the third and fourth generation. Many a life-abstainer to-day pays the penalty of his ancestors' potations. Just recently an American savant devised a machine to measure pain, and it is understood that he is sedulously wooing gouty friends with a view to recording by his machine the intensity of their feelings. That feat, according

to the thought of throwing away a good Ambassador. When Sir Evelyn Wood's Autobiography came out, a reviewer who knew more than the book declared told a story in point. Certain emissaries of the King of Kumassi were sent to a regiment in which native troops were. Their mission was a failure, so the native troops said to their officer, "We have treated these men kindly, as you wished it, and as they were ambassadors; but now they have failed. They cannot go back, for they would be killed and eaten; please, therefore, let us eat them, as otherwise they will be wasted."

Mummy or Mum?

It may be all very well for certain citizens of Chicago to haul across the desert a 250-ton tomb upon which the sun of Egypt has for ages shone; but when they reach American territory, what will their port officials say? It cost Mr. Pierpont Morgan a pretty penny to get his treasure past the Customs; but having the money wherewith to pay, he found the course fairly easy. The gentlemen with the tomb may find themselves more in the case of the man who was taking in a mummy. He was working his passage, so to speak, showing by the way, and for each exhibition had to get a licence. At one town, the local authorities were dubious as to his rights and their powers—they were suspicious of mummies. So he had to take the matter before the local Judge—a typical product of the Western political system. "What is it you wish to show?" asked that great functionary. "An Egyptian mummy, Judge, three thousand years old," was the answer. "Three thousand years old!" exclaimed the Judge, leaping to his feet—"is the critter alive?"

MATT OF SORRY MOUNT!



STABLE-BOY: 'Arf-a-crown deposit, please.

MATT THE EQUESTRIAN: What for?

STABLE-BOY: Why, we've lost several 'orses like that before.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MR. A. E. ANSON, who has made so great a success in "Matt of Merrymount," at the New Theatre, once had an experience which, however amusing it may be to look back upon, must have been almost tragic at the time, for actors never like to keep the stage waiting. He was playing Captain Hawtreys with his father, Mr. G. W. Anson, in one of his revivals of "Caste," in which the elder actor played Eccles. The younger Mr. Anson

had gone down to the stage very early for his final entrance, and stood leisurely putting on his gloves by the door through which he was to go on the stage. Knowing that he was very much before his time, he took little notice of what was happening on the stage, and his mind wandered to other things. Suddenly he was brought back to earth with a start. Someone on the stage was saying, "Anson! Anson! Fetch Mr. Anson!" In an instant Mr. Anson realised the situation—his father had missed his entrance. He dashed off to the dressing-room, where he found the representative of Mr.

exceptionally severe), the train stopped. Expecting every minute that it would go on, the company sat still and waited. After about half-an-hour, however, some of the more enterprising members decided to go out and reconnoitre. They found themselves deserted, for the train had gone on, leaving their carriages and luggage-vans. They walked about, wondering what was going to happen, and after some considerable time a solitary engine arrived. "Who are you, and what are you doing here?" asked the driver. The actors told him. "Going to Kingston, Ontario, are you?" he repeated, when he heard their destination. "Why, you have no right to be here at all. You are on the wrong road." He then hitched his engine to the carriages and took them back to the proper road, and the company arrived in Kingston just in time to go to the theatre and act.

Dramatic contrasts occur in the lives of all men, and Mr. Harry Fragon is no exception to the rule, though the following incident which happened to him is probably more striking than most actors can narrate. As is now generally known, his early struggles for existence as an entertainer in Paris were attended with hardships and privations which would have disheartened most men. For some hours' work at the piano, singing and playing at various cafés on Montmartre, beginning when the patrons of the establishments had dined—usually well, if not always wisely—and ending after supper, somewhere near the dawn, his average earnings were a few francs a week, with the occasional addition of a meal provided by a generous friend. At this period of his existence, as he was leaving the café at which he had been performing one cold winter's night, when the wind was blowing the snowflakes against the door and the walk to his poor rooms was not to be contemplated with pleasure, he was, to his surprise, spoken to in English by a woman. In the shadow she appeared to be young, not bad-looking, but obviously ill. She said she was starving and asked if the young singer would help her to a meal. He gathered from his pocket all the small coins he had—not a difficult task—and handing them to her, hurried on. Next day he was fairly hungry himself, but he

was young and soon forgot the incident. Last spring, when singing at the Tivoli, he had quite a number of engagements at private houses. One of them was particularly marked by his agent at a special fee. On his arrival at a smart house in a very smart square, he was received by the hostess herself with exceptional cordiality. "You don't remember me, Mr. Fragon?" she asked. Then she went on, "Perhaps, too, you don't remember that outside the Rat Mort one winter's night you helped a starving woman. I did not know who you were until I saw you the other night at the Tivoli, when I recognised you at once. Do make yourself at home, for remember, we are old friends." Mr. Fragon did make himself at home, and he never sang better in his life.



MISS MAUD ALLAN'S "SALOME" DANCE BURLESQUED: LA BELLE LEONORA, WHO IS APPEARING AS NAUTCHY SAL IN "SAL-OH-MY!" AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Photograph by Hana.

Eccles, divested of his wig, sitting smoking his pipe with the air of one who has time to kill. There were a few hurried words; old Eccles snatched his wig, and Mr. Anson dragged his father at top speed and thrust him on the stage, where he burst upon the astonished company with his drunken roll. As Mr. Anson junior stood panting with excitement and his run, it slowly dawned upon him, to his horror, that he was the Anson they were calling for, and that it was he who should have taken up the cue! How the actors filled up that wait, probably even they would be unable to tell.

Mr. Carter Pickford, who is appearing in his original part in "The Admirable Crichton," has probably had a longer association with the play than any other member of the company, for after playing Lord Brocklehurst in it during the whole of the original run, he went to America and acted Mr. Gerald du Maurier's part for nine months. From America he returned to England and played Cecil in "Little Mary" with Sir John Hare on tour, and then went to Australia for close on three years. During the course of its wanderings the company reached Kalgoorlie, where the inhabitants take their theatre-going very seriously, and often let their feelings carry them away. One night "The Walls of Jericho" was put up, and Mr. Carter Pickford was cast for Harry Dallas. All went well until the scene where Harry Dallas is made to open the letter he had written to Lady Alethea. As the hero, Jack Frobisher, was bidding him read the letter, there was a dead silence, which was suddenly broken by the excited voice of a man crying, "Land him one, Jack, and be done with it."

Individuals occasionally get lost, but for a whole theatrical company to go astray on its way from one place to another is probably a unique experience. That, however, happened to Miss Auriol Lee, who is playing Jessica in Mr. Tree's production of "The Merchant of Venice," when she was a member of Mr. Forbes-Robertson's company in America, which was booked to go to Kingston, Ontario. After leaving the last "stand," and travelling for some time through a desolate country, in which nothing was to be seen but the snow-clad landscape (for the weather was



ADELINÉ GENÉE AS AMERICA SEES HER: THE FAMOUS PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE IN "THE SOUL KISS."

Mlle. Genée is due at the Empire soon. She has met with extraordinary and well-deserved success in America.

Otho the Ornithologist.



III.—OTHO DEVISES A SIMPLE APPARATUS BY WHICH HE IS ENABLED TO RESCUE A WOUNDED SNIPE.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. JOHN MARTINEAU, who has written Sir Bartle Frere's Biography, is about to go to press with a Life of the Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Gladstone's colleague in the Cabinet and great friend. The Duke had no luck. His public service was a disappointment to him, so were his private affairs. That is, perhaps, why the story of his Life has hitherto gone unrecorded. But I should not be surprised if Mr. Martineau were to turn to biographical victory the man's and the Minister's defeat.

A letter in the Duke's neat handwriting lies before me as I write. It is dated from Clumber in the October of 1856, and is addressed to an intimate friend. "I am no candidate for office," he says, "and will never again burden myself with its obloquies and ingratiitudes, and its sacrifices of health and time so valuable to my estates and my family." That letter showed how the iron of newspaper criticism had entered into the soul of the hapless War Secretary at the time of the Crimean War. Every paper boot supplied to our men by dishonest contractors was hurled at his honest head. For the shortage of rations served out in the trenches he was—irrationally in one sense, rightly in another—held to be responsible. So, at the end, we find him reversing the old formula, and regretting that he gave up to mankind what was meant for his own home.

There is a whole chapter of tragedy in that domestic allusion.

For all was not to go well with certain of those children, and the "estate" their father was so ambitious to conserve for their sake was destined to be impoverished. And already the children were motherless; for in 1848 Lady Lincoln had left her husband and her five children, and she and Lord Walpole (afterwards Lord Orford) were found living near Como as Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence. Lord Lincoln, in that calamity, had recourse to Mr. Gladstone, who set forth in the hope of bringing home the wandering wife. He did not succeed in so doing; the Lawrences were "not at home" to him; and they did not oppose the Bill of Divorce passed by the House of Lords in 1850. I wonder if Mr. Martineau will agree with me in thinking that Mr. Gladstone was not quite the man for the mission. Disraeli would have been a better ambassador. He made Lady Lincoln's acquaintance when she was a young wife, and liked her as much as her grandfather, Beckford, the author of "Vathek," had liked Disraeli's novels. He thought her brilliant, despite what he called "a fatal defect"—her rabbit mouth. What a pity that in this particular Lord Orford did not share "Dizzy's" aversion.

Very precious Swedish dust is leaving these shores in the Swedish cruiser *Eylgia*. All unsuspected by most Londoners, Emanuel Swedenborg's remains have lain in a church in Prince's Square, E., since his death in 1772, and now they make their

homegoing. A man of "transcendently subtle and attractive psychology," Patmore called Swedenborg, and for the mystic poet his name passed current with those of Aristotle, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bernard, and St. John of the Cross. But Patmore's admiration has not been matched by many Englishmen's, save those who make their obscure pronouncements in the publications of the Swedenborgian Society, and London has been quite careless of Prince's Square.

Indeed, London is generally careless of her dead, unless it be in Westminster Abbey. The man in Oxford Street can be relied upon not to know that, as he passes the top of North Audley Street, he is within a stone-throw of the resting-places of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Lord Chesterfield, who, in the queer general-post of death, have come to rest in the same envelope of stone. And two hundred yards away, ridiculously difficult to note, is the slab, meaner than the modern milestone, that marks the place of death, Tyburn Gate. While the Marble Arch with its corner of

Hyde Park is in the tumult of improvement it would be well if some citizen were to come forward with a scheme for an adequate memorial of "the anointed Kings of Tyburn Tree," as the last poet to remember Tyburn titles the martyrs who perished there.

The coward makes an unconventional hero, and yet an interesting and even an attractive one. Not for the first time he has been



HOW SHE WOULD HAVE ENJOYED THE GRAND GUIGNOL PRODUCTIONS!

EXTRACT FROM THE LETTERS OF A LADY: The best part of the piece was the duel, when a lady in front of us fainted. I had a capital seat and could see everything.

DRAWN BY PHILIP H. BAYNES.

given a whole novel. Mr. Charles Gleig's "Julian Winterson" is a coward much more heroic, in some lights, than the villain of the piece—a young hero of noble blood and a dishonourable habit of mind. But still the coward's masterpiece is Mrs. Wharton's "The Coward," a short story of a man at war with himself because he had once fled before danger. And another tale with this particular imp of weakness for its motive was one, by Mr. Norreys Connell, of the young soldier who would not let his Colonel apply for the V.C. for him because he had gone into action primed with champagne. Five years later the young soldier's father told of his son's death—

And you know why he died? He should have had the Victoria Cross for his bravery in that engagement in the Soudan. They did not give it to him, and he drank himself to death, from disappointment.

The Colonel and Mr. Norreys Connell knew better.

In the latest list of "books wanted," one ambitious bookseller advertises for Carlyle's "Fors Clavigera." I hope he may offer a good price when it is reported to him. In the same list an enthusiast appeals in desperation, rather than hope, for a first edition of "Wisdom While You Wait." Does he hope to discover important variations in the text between the first and later editions, or is his an honest, intelligible mania, like that of the Major who has collected a complete series of A.B.C. menu-cards?

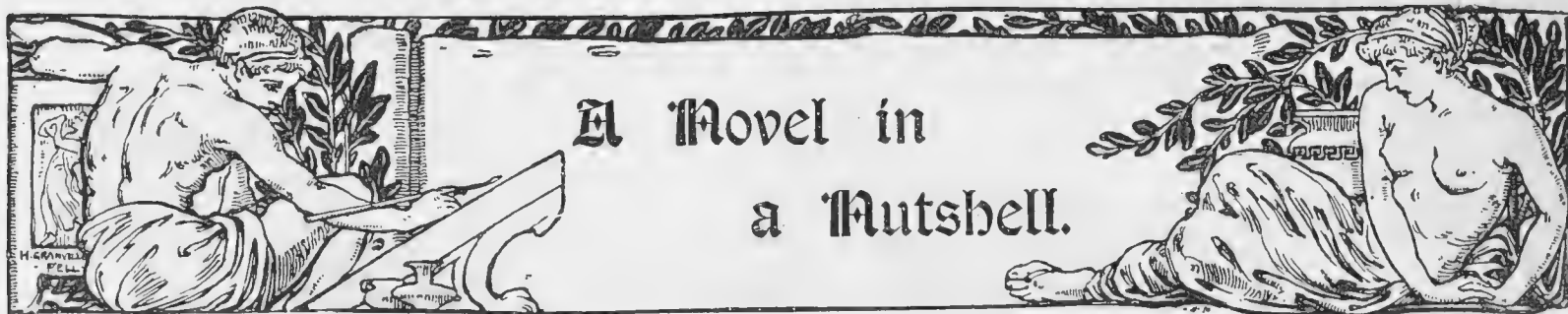
M. E.

IN THE DAYS OF THE CALABASH PIPE.



DEAR DEAF GRANNY (*who thinks Bertie's new calabash pipe an ear-trumpet*): My poor boy, I'm so grieved to see this!

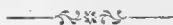
DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



IN AN OMNIBUS.

BY ALICE AND CLAUDE ASKEW,

Authors of "Not Proven," "The Shulamite," "The Etonian," etc.



THOUGHT-TRANSMISSION? Clairvoyance? No, I can't say I believe much in that sort of thing; you wouldn't expect it from a matter-of-fact old City man like me, would you? I've had to look on the practical side of things ever since I was a boy.

All the same, I did have a rather curious experience the other evening. It was only a trifling affair, and I daresay there is nothing in it really, but I've tried to apply the ordinary rules of experience to it—tried to work it out by rule of three, as it were; but somehow there's always a hitch that I can't quite level up.

Here's the story for what it's worth: I had had a busy day at the office, and was tired out when I took my usual 'bus home—Hammersmith, you know; and I had walked as far as Charing Cross by way of exercise and to clear my brain of stuffy figures. It had just begun to drizzle, and I was lucky to get a place in the 'bus—just about the centre of the left side it was, up against the metal bar that divides the long seat into halves.

There was only just room for me, for my two fellow-passengers on the right were bulky individuals, so I was wedged up pretty tight against the bar. It's lucky that I'm not a big man myself, or I don't know what we should have done. As it was, in settling down, my arm came rather sharply into contact with the shoulder of a girl who was placed on my left—just the other side of the bar, you understand. She gave a little cry and started, just as if she had been aroused from a nap, and didn't quite know where she was.

Of course, I apologised, and then forgot all about the matter. I didn't even look at the girl, didn't realise if she were smart or shabby, fair or dark. It's very rare for me to take interest in folk I meet in omnibuses. I tried to read an evening paper, but the light was so bad it couldn't be done. Long experience has taught me the futility of such an attempt, yet I'm always doing it—out of sheer perversity, I suppose.

Well, I had to shut up my paper and amuse myself as best I could with my own thoughts. It was then that I cast a casual glance at my youthful neighbour, and—I can't tell you why, for, as I have said, it is quite at variance with my usual habits—I began to speculate as to her position and occupation: a silly thing to do, for she was just a girl like thousands of others, with no special points about her.

She was quite young—nineteen, or twenty perhaps—neither pretty nor ugly, and of nondescript colouring. Her hair was fluffed out on either side of her head, covering the top halves of her ears, and she wore a round cap of some cheap fur. It was quite unpretentious, but somehow it suited her. Her features were rather thin, and she had no complexion to speak of; one could easily guess that she was out in all sorts of weather, or subjected to an unwholesome atmosphere of some kind. Her underlip was chapped a little—you know how cold it was about a fortnight ago?—and there was a little drop of blood just about the centre, where her teeth may have closed on the lip if she had been out of temper; or, of course, it may merely have been the

result of the weather. Anyway, that drop of blood fascinated me, and I think it was because of it that I took such special notice of an everyday sort of girl. There were a couple of curious black spots on her cheek and chin as well. I couldn't make out if they were moles or if she had been spattered by the mud of the street; the state of her dress—a frayed serge—rather indicated the latter, poor child. I think her eyes were grey, but she kept them half closed, leaning back in her seat, inclined a little to my side, as if she were tired out and wanted to sleep. She had nice long lashes, I remember.

Oh, no; I wasn't in the least bit fascinated, or any rot of that sort. I'm not the kind of man who is always on the look-out for chance acquaintances—that game is played out as far as I am concerned. But I had to think of something, and the girl by my side was more interesting than any of the other stodgy folk who had got into the 'bus—a job lot if ever there was one. There was a woman sitting opposite me—a young woman, with a baby on her knees—whose expression was as inane and vacuous as that of the baby itself. Everybody was wet and uncomfortable, and we all hated each other with a cordial hatred.

Well, the 'bus rumbled on, and nobody seemed inclined to move. We were all bound for Hammersmith. I leaned back in my seat as well as I could, to make more room for my stout neighbour, who kept wedging me closer against the rail; the girl was leaning back, too, and my arm—I couldn't help it—pressed against hers. I had my hand upon the rail, you see; she had both of hers clasped upon her lap. She wore no gloves, and she had a cheap ring on one of her fingers—an engagement-ring I suppose it was meant to be. Nobody spoke, and by degrees I began to feel sleepy—forgot all about the 'bus, even about the little lady by my side, and allowed my mind to be a perfect blank. I have rather a habit of doing that after a heavy day, and I give you my word it's most restful to the brain.

At the same time, I suppose—as the clairvoyants would say—the brain is particularly receptive when it is in that condition. Anyway, after a while a curious mist began to form before my eyes; a mist which soon became a blur of dim colour; and this gradually worked itself to a focus of light, in which I felt, somehow, that I could see pictures if I wished. It was a strange sensation, quite new to me. I wasn't asleep, you understand. If I tried I could see the vacuous faces of the woman who sat opposite me and the baby on her knees, the mist dispelling to let me do so; but when I gave myself up to the thoughtless repose, it collected again, and the clear spot in the centre became more defined. I was conscious of one other thing—a curious tingling sensation in my left arm, the arm that pressed against that of the girl by my side; it was just as if the blood were rushing from her veins to mine. I don't know if I make myself clear; it was such a curious experience for a matter-of-fact man like myself that I hardly know how to express it. I hadn't the smallest desire to read the girl's thoughts or to intrude myself unwarrantably into her affairs; but I couldn't help myself, any more than she could: we had got unaccountably *en rapport*—isn't that what you call it?—a sort of unconscious cerebration.

[Continued overleaf.]

FOR THE USE OF LANDED GENTRY: BUMPLESS DESCENTS.



OF INTEREST TO M. FARMAN: INVENTIONS THAT WILL FACILITATE THE DESCENT OF AEROPLANISTS—
PATENTS NOT SECURED.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

Well, she must have been thinking hard of something that had recently happened to her—that very day, I take it. And I saw it all with her eyes. First of all a dingy workroom—a lot of girls sitting at a long table and sewing mechanically dress materials of some sort—I'm no good at describing that kind of thing; but I saw it as clearly as if I'd been in the room. The floor a litter, the table a litter, patterns, stuff of every hue and quality, cut and uncut, yards of it, spread out or tumbled together; dummy figures, some partially clad, some only framework and wooden bust; sprays of artificial flowers, lace, ribbon, cotton. Cotton! Why, the atmosphere of the place seemed loaded with it. You know the close smell of a draper's shop? I assure you I got exactly that kind of impression.

All the girls seemed to be chattering together gaily enough—all except my girl. I saw her as plainly as I see you. She was working a sewing-machine, and she kept glancing at a big, clumsy clock upon the wall. She could hardly see the time by it, for the room was so full of mist; there were flaming gas-jets hanging from the ceiling, but they didn't seem to give sufficient light. However, I knew well enough what the girl wanted; she was anxious for the hour to strike when she would be at liberty to take her departure. The minutes seemed to drag out into eternity for her.

"Will he be there?" That is what she was repeating to herself, and, of course, being for the time, as it were, in her brain, I knew all about "him"—as much as she did, anyway. I thought, with her, that he would be certain to turn up at the appointed meeting-place.

He did. They met at an A.B.C. tea-shop, and he was evidently cross with her for being late. I didn't like the look of the fellow at all; he was a shocking bounder, loudly dressed, and with a bowler-hat set on one side of his head. A loafer, if ever I saw one. He had shifty eyes and a receding chin, and horrid, thick lips. He smiled and chatted amiably enough at first, while the girl nervously sipped her tea; but his expression changed quickly when she leaned forward and began to talk to him very earnestly. I quite expected it would—as did she, poor girl. You see, I knew what was in her mind.

It was pitiful. He regained his composure and began to talk soothingly, but it was such obvious acting. Even she was scarcely deceived by it—though she tried hard to believe him genuine. He kept shifting about in his seat, anxious the whole time to get away. There were tears in her eyes when she rose to go, but he whispered something that made her smile up at him through her tears. I think it was a promise to meet her again.

They parted under the glare of the electric light outside the shop. She lifted her face for a kiss, and he gave it to her; but I think that his kiss must have told her the truth. She stood gazing after him as he disappeared in the crowd, and there was an agony of apprehension in her face.

"He won't come back! I shall never see him again!" You may laugh, but I felt as if the words were torn from my own heart.

Well, I'm very near the end of my story. The girl must have moved her arm just about then, for all of a sudden the whole train of impressions was broken. I started up as if I had just come out of a dream, and those words were on my lips—I actually spoke them aloud—"He won't come back! I shall never see him again!"

She heard me. It must have seemed to her as though I had spoken her actual thought. She, too, was sitting up, and there was a scared look on her face—her eyes were absolutely wild.

"How did you know?" she whispered. Then, realising that I was a stranger, fancying, I suppose, that I had not addressed her, that she had been dreaming: "Oh, I beg your pardon," she said hurriedly.

I can't remember if I replied or not. I was struggling to collect my own thoughts. I felt a bit dazed myself, and perhaps it was lucky that the baby set up a howl just at that moment and distracted everybody's attention. Before I had time to decide how to act, the girl got up, and without so much as looking at me, jumped out of the bus. We were nearing Hammersmith by then, but I'll vow she hadn't reached her own destination.

A queer story, isn't it? I can't attempt an explanation, but I'm absolutely positive that, quite innocently, I got an insight that evening into the poor little tragedy of a girl's life.

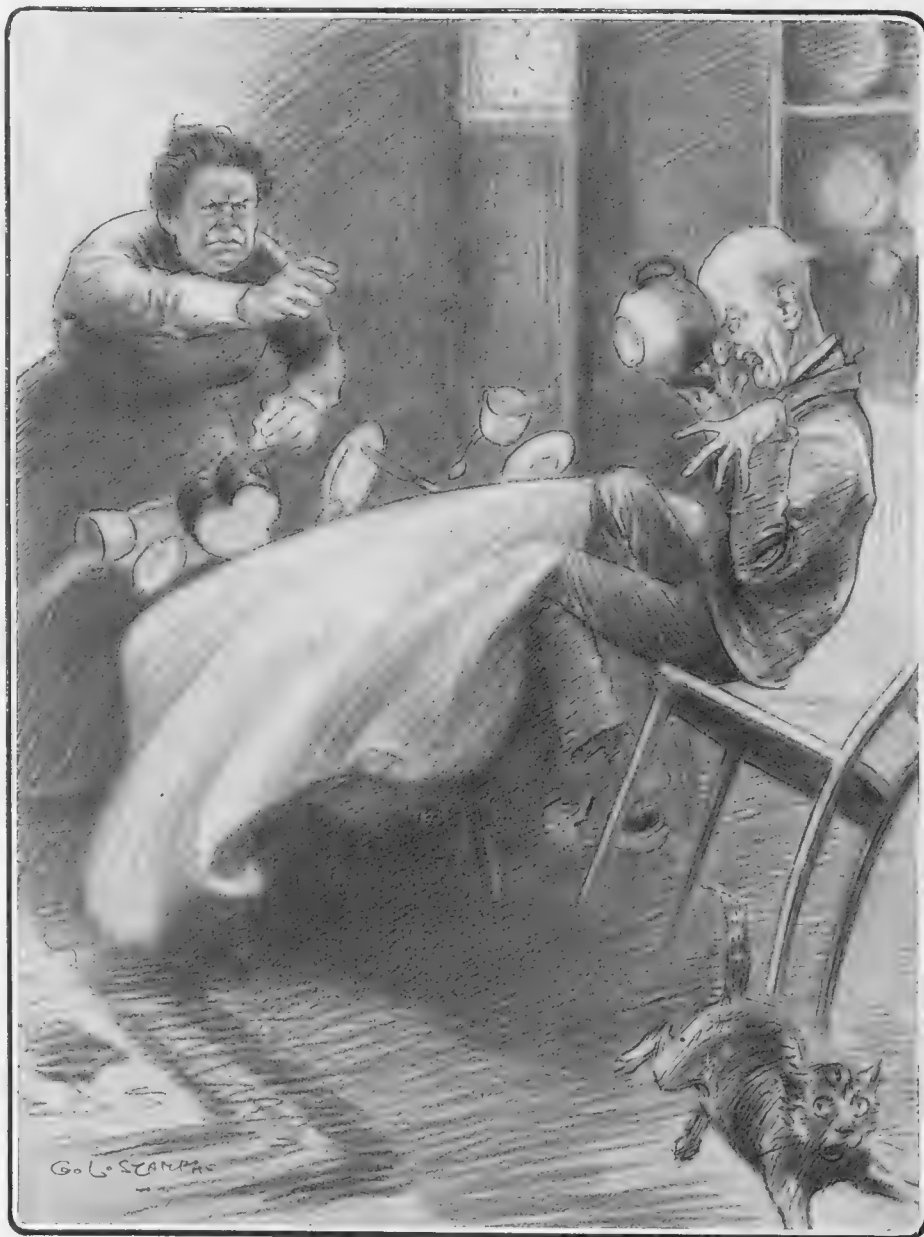
For I'm quite sure he never came back—he wasn't the sort of man to do so.

No, I never saw her again, though I travelled back by the same 'bus night after night, rather in the hope of doing so. But there is a sequel, and it's this—perhaps the strangest part of the whole affair, when one remembers that it was all an impression, a sort of dream.

I saw the man, the identical fellow, dressed just as I figured him that evening. It was at an A.B.C. shop where I sometimes go myself for a cup of tea. He was sitting at one of the little tables, and there was a girl with him, to whom he was engaged in making violent love.

But it was not my friend of the omnibus—oh, no, it was another girl altogether, though I think she was of the same class.

THE END.



A SONG ILLUSTRATED: "THERE WAS A SIMPLE MAIDEN."

In manner she was homely, you must know, yes, you must know,
But oh! her face was comely very long ago.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPAC.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

SO it is Lord Rayleigh, and not his brother-in-law, Mr. Balfour, who is to succeed the late Duke of Devonshire as Chancellor of Cambridge University. This marks a new fashion in University

Chancellors, who have hitherto been great nobles or eminent statesmen. Lord Rayleigh, although he owns some eight thousand or nine thousand acres, leaves all that business to his brother, Mr.

Charles Strutt, for the future Chancellor, has achieved European fame in pure science. A tall, shy, fair-haired man, he is sixty-five, has been a Nobel prize-winner, and is covered with honorary degrees and decorations, of which the most notable is the Order of Merit.

The discoverer (with Sir W. Ramsay) of argon is sure to make an excellent Chancellor, for he knows exactly the present-day needs of Cambridge.

A New Millionaire Londoner.

The old order changeth with a vengeance, for on the space once occupied by the stately drawing-room and quaint boudoir of Gloucester House is now the splendid flat which has been taken by Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt. In other words, the great American millionaire has just rented one of the gorgeous suites of apartments built on the site of the Duke of Cambridge's old home. The Vanderbilt flat will be, it is said, the most luxurious and charming habitation of the kind ever devised by the wit of man, and the owner intends to furnish it with exquisite old works of art. The outlook is unique, giving as it does over the prettiest, leafiest part of the Green Park, while in the background rise the many towers of Westminster. This most important new Londoner will doubtless prove an agreeable addition to Society in general, and to sporting Society in particular. Mr. Vanderbilt has brought over to England his famous coaching team, and it is said that he intends to drive his own four-in-hand to Brighton three days a week during the season.

The Lady of the Isles.

Lady Cathcart Gordon, whose dispute with the crofters who have raided her island of Vatersay has been forming the subject of a discussion in the

House of Lords, is far too determined a lady to give up the struggle save upon terms equitable and acceptable to herself. Years ago, she sent a number of her tenants to Canada, so the squatters cannot plead that congestion is a new feature. Since then, relations have not always been harmonious between the lady and her people. Perhaps their piracy, as Lord Rosebery terms it, has made her angry.

Seventeen years ago, when the Highland Land Court dealt with her property in the Outer Hebrides, the tenants on South Uist were awarded a reduction of nearly 38 per cent. on their rent, and 75 per cent. of their arrears was cancelled. Lady Cathcart was first the wife of Mr. John Gordon, who, at his death, left her the famous Cluny Castle, together with estates which then realised £40,000 a year. Sir Reginald Cathcart, her present husband, like Lady Cathcart, is a friend of the King, and together they are among the most popular entertainers for the Ascot season.

A Very Nice Game.

Sporting men are wondering whether the Grand National sensation of the other day will not furnish Mr. Nat Gould with a theme for yet another racing novel. Whether it do or not, the novelist can boast of an experience of his own worthy a place in any novel. While out on a country tramp he observed a wild-faced man stealthily stalking him. There was a lunatic asylum not far distant, and the novelist concluded that the stranger was an escaped inmate. He put his best foot foremost, to keep clear of unpleasant company, but the other man warmed up, too. At last, Mr. Gould broke into a run, the lunatic in full cry after him.

Over meadows and fields the chase was maintained, until at last the novelist sank down quite exhausted, and prepared for horrors. The maniac came on with increasing excitement; he was at his quarry's side in a few strides. But there came no gleam of knife, no grip at throat of frenzied hands. The man touched the novelist lightly on the shoulder. "Tag, you're it," he said, and started off again at full speed in the opposite direction.



TWO KINGS ON ONE STAMP.

For years Iceland desired a postage-stamp bearing the portrait of the late King Christian. At last the work of printing such a stamp was begun. Then King Christian died. So it came about that the dead King's portrait was placed by the side of that of the new King.



THE REPORT THAT MRS. ALFRED G. VANDERBILT HAS APPLIED FOR A SEPARATION OR DIVORCE; MR. ALFRED G. VANDERBILT.

Photograph by Hamilton.



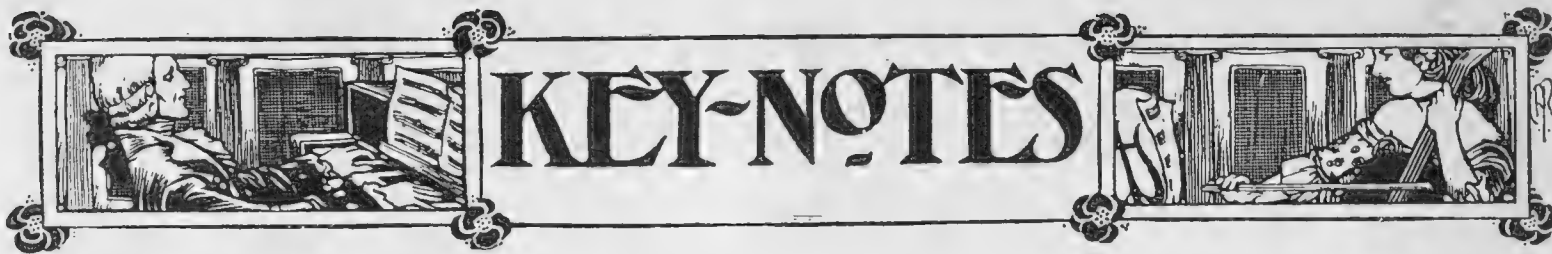
ANOTHER REMARKABLE POSTAGE-STAMP.

As may be noted by the surcharge, the stamp was designed to aid the Kingston Relief Fund, the fund that was started for the benefit of sufferers by the great earthquake. Issues for charitable purposes are becoming comparatively common.



A WEIRD AND WONDERFUL MURAL DECORATION; PROFESSOR MAX SLEVOGT PAINTING THE FRESQUES FOR THE ROOM IN WHICH THE "BALL OF THE REVOLUTION" TOOK PLACE RECENTLY IN BERLIN.

Photograph by B. T. G.



WHEN a soloist can claim more attention than the orchestra, and that orchestra happens to be the London Symphony combination, there is no need to emphasise his gifts. Indeed, where Mischa Elman is concerned, nearly all notes of praise have been sounded. Everything that comes to the average first-class player of middle age is his already, while the heights that still remain untrodden, the depths that still remain unplumbed, were known to Joachim in his prime, among the dead, and are known to Ysaye, among the living. There is little reason to doubt that Elman will take rank with both in the course of time, for he has the true interpretative genius and can be all things to all music. We are accustomed to associate certain men with definite styles; it is one of Mischa Elman's many claims to distinction that he is not hampered by any clearly defined preferences in music, and his amazing catholicity of taste was shown at his recital last week.

In the first place, Elman was heard in Baron d'Erlanger's Concerto, introduced to the public some years ago by Kreisler, if we are not mistaken. It is a composition of great emotional interest, which, if it does not achieve distinction, creates and sustains an atmosphere of its own. Perhaps one would regard it as the work of a cultured and emotional temperament that sought expression in music rather than as musician's music. The thematic material is not remarkable for its strength, while in the working out and development of material the composer has sought chiefly for a certain richness of effect that would be almost Oriental if the East had accepted our scales and deigned to express itself in our language. The concerto was so skilfully handled by the soloist that one would have been prepared to say it was written for him; but when the famous Beethoven Concerto was given later in the evening, Mischa Elman was on almost equally intimate terms with that. His intellect had replaced his emotions. So well did he acquit himself that he made some of us intolerant of the meretricious work of Hubay and Wieniawski with which he brought his own great share of the concert to a close. Surely, smaller brains associated with agile fingers can interpret a nocturne by Hubay and a polonaise by Wieniawski.

The third concert given at the Queen's Hall by the New Symphony Orchestra was no less interesting than those that have preceded it. Little Ernst Lengyel was the soloist, and Mr. Beecham's fine discretion was shown by the selection of Mozart's Piano-forte Concerto in C minor for the first piece. Nothing could have been happier than the choice, unless it were the interpretation. Lengyel has the true instinct of a pianist, but he is a lad whose physical strength is still undeveloped, and the Mozart music

demanding nothing that he could not give. He played his part with fine feeling and exquisite simplicity—played, in fact, as a little boy of very great talent should be encouraged to play—and left us more than ever in Mozart's debt. Lengyel has never done anything better in public. His performance of Schumann's fourth "Nachtstück" was no less fine; but he cannot yet be ranked among the interpreters of Chopin, and would be well advised not

to put that elusive master's works upon his programme. They reveal such measure of immaturity as is left in him, and remind us that he is really far too young to be playing in public, that he is undertaking all the fatigues associated with a trying career at an age when he has only just outgrown the nursery and is hardly big enough for a public school.

Mr. Beecham, who did not discard the bâton altogether, and consequently gave his forces a far clearer indication of his intentions and desires, secured a very spirited reading of the "Meistersinger" Overture, and a persuasive reading of Mr. W. H. Bell's attractive tone-poem, "Love Among the Ruins." He gave also an "English Rhapsody," by Mr. Frederick Delius, founded chiefly on an old Lincolnshire song, and for the rest on unbidden recollections of the late Richard Wagner. It may be a Rhapsody, but there is very little that is English about it as far as the spirit of the treatment goes. But "Brigg Fair" is an attractive piece of work, written by a musician of more than ordinary gifts, and it was highly appreciated. The interest of the concert was sustained to the end. Miss Julia Culp will be the soloist when the next one is given, on the 14th, and we are to hear "Le Camp de Wallenstein," by Vincent d'Indy.

MISS FREDRICA RICHARDSON,
WHO IS TO MARRY
DR. FREDERIC HYMEN COWEN.

Mr. Arthur Broadley, who was associated with Miss Fanny Davies a few days ago in a recital for cello and piano, is a sound performer, who, if he has not achieved entrance into the ranks of leading 'cellists, may be relied upon for conscientious, straightforward playing that is not without merit or attractiveness. His tone is not as rich and full as it might be, but this defect is not often apparent, and he associates himself with good music.

Miss May Harrison's second violin recital was in some respects more successful than the first one. She turned to Mozart, and opened her programme with his Concerto in D major. Perhaps because Mozart never could be vulgar, or cheap, or sensational, never could write for the people whose taste is limited in quantity and of poor quality, he is still one of the most restful composers, whether for solo instrument or orchestra. In his hands a young player is safe; there is enough difficulty to make a conquest worth achieving; there is sufficient serenity of thought and natural simplicity to awaken response in a player of refinement. Certainly Miss Harrison was at her best in the Mozart Concerto, and if much of what remained in her programme could only be regarded as a concession to what is called public taste, Mozart had created a certain impression that the less worthy music failed altogether to dispel.

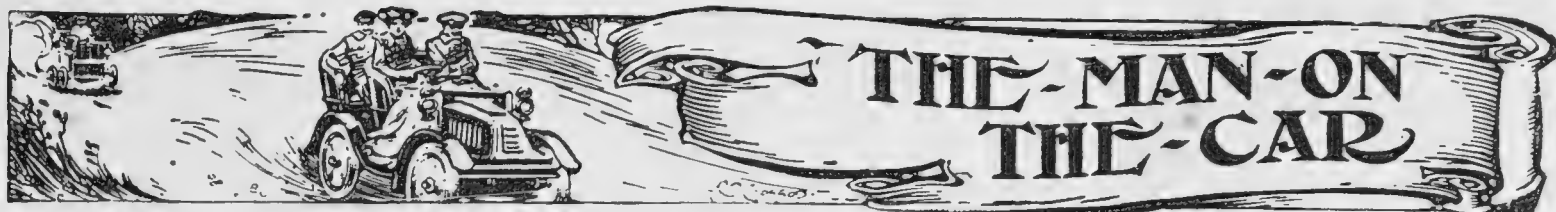
COMMON CHORD.



DR. FREDERIC HYMEN COWEN, WHO IS TO MARRY
MISS FREDRICA RICHARDSON.

Dr. Cowen, the well-known composer and conductor, was born at Kingston, Jamaica, in January 1852, and studied under Sir Julius Benedict and Sir John Goss. Miss Fredrica Richardson is a talented young singer who has made several appearances recently at London concerts. She studied under Sir Charles Santley.

Photograph by Russell, Baker Street.



THE TWO THOUSAND MILES TRIAL: THE SEARCHING BROOKLANDS FINALE—THE ENTRIES, A DISAPPOINTING TOTAL: MANY REGRETTABLE ABSTENTIONS—THREE THOUSAND MILES ON ELASTES, AND AFTER—A REMARKABLE ENGINE AT OLYMPIA.

IT is difficult to understand the manufacturers' objections to the two hundred miles' race at Brooklands, which is to complete the Two Thousand Miles International Touring-Car Trial. It has been pointed out frequently that though cars may be bracketed equal at the conclusion of a long road-test of this kind, there is nothing to give the purchasing public any idea of the relative condition of the two cars at the close of the trial. Such information is clearly of vital importance to a buyer, who, lacking the same, might very well give an order for that car of the pair which had only got through the trial by the skin of its teeth, and pass over a vehicle which had practically finished as good as new. Examinations by experts have been adopted, but these have always been unsatisfactory, particularly to the maker, and generally to the public.

Now each car as it arrives at Brooklands will be driven two hundred miles just as hard as ever its engines can get its road-wheels round, which trial, coming directly on top of the two thousand miles of road travel, with the twenty miles of timed hill-climbs, should shake out every suggestion of shoddy. This final test is infinitely preferable to expert examination, and should discover a great deal more. It will strike hard at the true inwardness of things, which the severest scrutiny must fail to do.

The entries, which closed on the 31st ult., are to hand, and, without any desire to be in the slightest degree hypercritical, I am bound to say that, as a whole, I find them disappointing. The makers and the importers have not responded as I should have thought they would when it is remembered that the trial has been expressly schemed on lines of which they, as represented by the Society of Manufacturers and Traders, fully approved. The tale of cars runs but to fifty-one, of which twenty-eight are native cars. In the first four classes, which include the very types of cars which it is presumed the public will presently be buying in quantities, there

The other British cars entered are a Singer, two Stars, two Belsizes, two Talbots, two Hillman-Coatalens, a Vauxhall, three Ariels, two Napiers, two Deasys, an Armstrong-Whitworth, a Sheffield-Simplex, and two Rolls-Royces. France is represented by two De Dions, three Panhard's, and one De Dietrich. Germany enters a Mercedes, one Benz, two Adlers, and one car with a profoundly English name. Italy has two De Luca Daimlers and a

Junior, while Belgium is represented by one Minerva, a Nagant, three Zedels, and another, also with an English name. America sends two White steam-cars, and one of the marvellously interchangeable Cadillacs.

Elastes as a tyre-filling, a substitute for air in pneumatic tyres, and a surcease against the intolerable woes of punctures and bursts, has already proved itself in the eyes of the motoring public, and is very largely used. It will be remembered, however, that upon the occasion of the last Club-checked trial, Elastex suffered somewhat—not from the slightest inherent defect, but from, I think, a defective rim. However that might have been, and whatever then happened, all is likely to be erased by the results of a 3000-miles trial which commenced on Thursday last from the Club garage. An 18-h.p. Siddeley car, running on Elastex-filled tyres on Elastex removable rims, will be driven the above distance under close observation, and further yet if desired.

In my notes of last week, I referred to a remarkable eight-cylinder reversible engine, shown at the Islington Show. The Heavy Motor Show at Olympia, which closed last Saturday, was also remarkable for an engine of unusual design. This is a four-cylinder vertical motor by Clift, built for motor-boat propulsion, in which one of the four cylinders can be cut out of the running and dismantled, so far as valves and ignition are concerned, while the remaining three continue to propel the craft. In the case of a marine motor,



EARL AND COUNTESS FITZWILLIAM ON THEIR 6-CYLINDER, 45-H.P. SHEFFIELD-SIMPLEX, OUTSIDE WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE, ROTHERHAM.

Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam were among those keen hunting people who first became reconciled to motoring as a mode of motion. Indeed, it is thanks to the horseless carriage that the good-looking young Earl found it possible to be at once an M.F.H. in county Wicklow and in Yorkshire. He would leave Wentworth Woodhouse, his famous country palace, which has been described as the largest house in England, in the evening, motor to Manchester, there board the Irish mail, and then from Dublin race across to Wicklow to the place of the meet. Then, after a long day spent with his Irish pack, he would make the best of his way back, getting home at Wentworth Woodhouse at two in the morning. Lady Fitzwilliam has been a horsewoman from early childhood, and she is now as accomplished a motorist as she is a rider.

Photograph by Parson and Brailsford.



BY THE RICE-FIELDS OF CHERRY-BLOSSOM LAND: A WHITE STEAM-CAR ON A JAPANESE ROAD.

appear but nine cars, only a pair being of British manufacture. There are many regrettable abstentions in all the classes, but what of home production there is all quality. For instance, in Class 7, we find two Daimlers, while Humbers appear singly or in pairs in Classes 4, 5, and 6. In Class 5, too, a Thornycroft figures.

this is an invaluable feature, for otherwise the engine must be stopped altogether, and the boat accordingly stops and loses all steering way—an undesirable thing if a nasty topple is running. By means of gauges and a tachometer, each cylinder can be tested and tuned until it exactly coincides in every function with its fellows.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

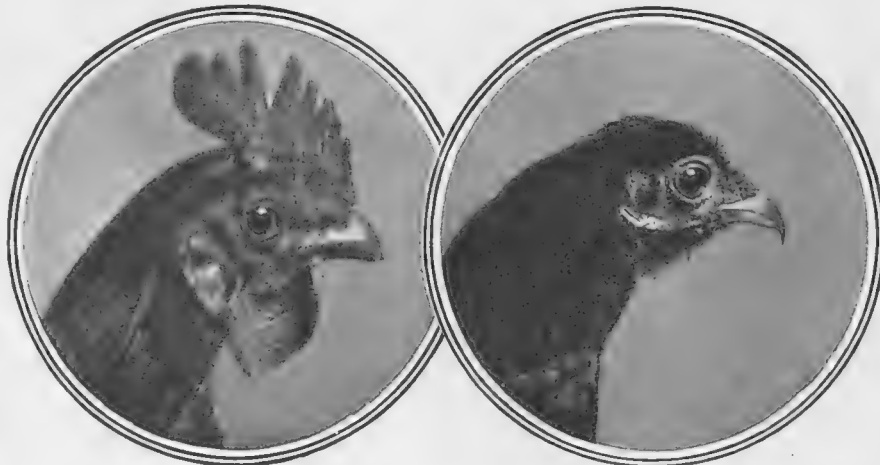
HOLIDAY MEETINGS—BUTTONS FOR BOOKIES—FUTURE EVENTS.

RACEGOERS will be busy during Easter week, as a plethora of fixtures under each set of rules is down for decision.

No fewer than seventeen fixtures have been arranged to take place on Easter Monday. Kempton Park, with its Queen's Prize, will, as a matter of course, be the draw of the South; while the meeting under National Hunt rules to be held at Manchester will attract many of the leading sportsmen of the North to Castle Irwell. In addition, there are flat-race meetings at Gosforth Park and Birmingham, and jumping programmes to be discussed at Portsmouth, Huntingdon, Wincanton, Cardiff, Torquay and many other places. Altogether forty-one programmes have to be gone through during Easter week, and this shows that there must be a large number of horses in training under both sets of rules. Little hunt meetings are very popular with the local folk, and I am willing to confess that I get lots of fun at these fixtures. I often spend a "busman's holiday" at one of these affairs, and much enjoy it. The amateur events always attract big fields, and one sees some uncommonly good natural riding. True, the prices offered by the bookies at these meetings are, to say the least, pinched; but betting is only a secondary consideration with your true sportsman, who is probably present to see his uncle, his brother, or his cousin perform in the saddle. It is a fact that hunt meetings yield better than the majority of fixtures held under National Hunt rules, while they tend to attract recruits to the sport. Many of the gentlemen who ride successfully over the Grand National country learned their business in point-to-point races or at little hunt meetings.

Welshing is still frequent at our race-meetings, despite the fact that defaulters are liable to eighteen months' imprisonment under the law of the land. I have a suggestion to make, and put it forth in all seriousness, although it may be open to objection from the bookies. I suggest that all book-makers doing business in the rings should be provided with a button each day by the ring-keepers, and should be made to wear it on their coats. Any man laying horses who had not provided himself beforehand with the "badge of honesty" should be immediately made to retire from the ring and forfeit his entrance-fee. The buttons should be supplied free of charge, and different patterns should be used daily, on the plan now adopted

in connection with the tickets. If this wrinkle were in vogue, we should then know that all the bookies doing business had the approval of the gatekeepers, and welshers would soon be unknown—at least, in the enclosures. Unfortunately, many people who have been welshed will not take steps to have the sharps brought to justice, fearing that they may get knocked about by friends of the culprits; but the law is quite strong enough to meet any rowdyism, and I think honest racegoers owe it to the sport to prosecute in all cases when they have been deliberately swindled.



THE HEAD OF A FIGHTING COCK IN ITS NORMAL STATE.

THE HEAD OF THE SAME COCK WITH THE COMB AND HACKLE REMOVED.

DOES COCK-FIGHTING LEAD TO CRUELTY?

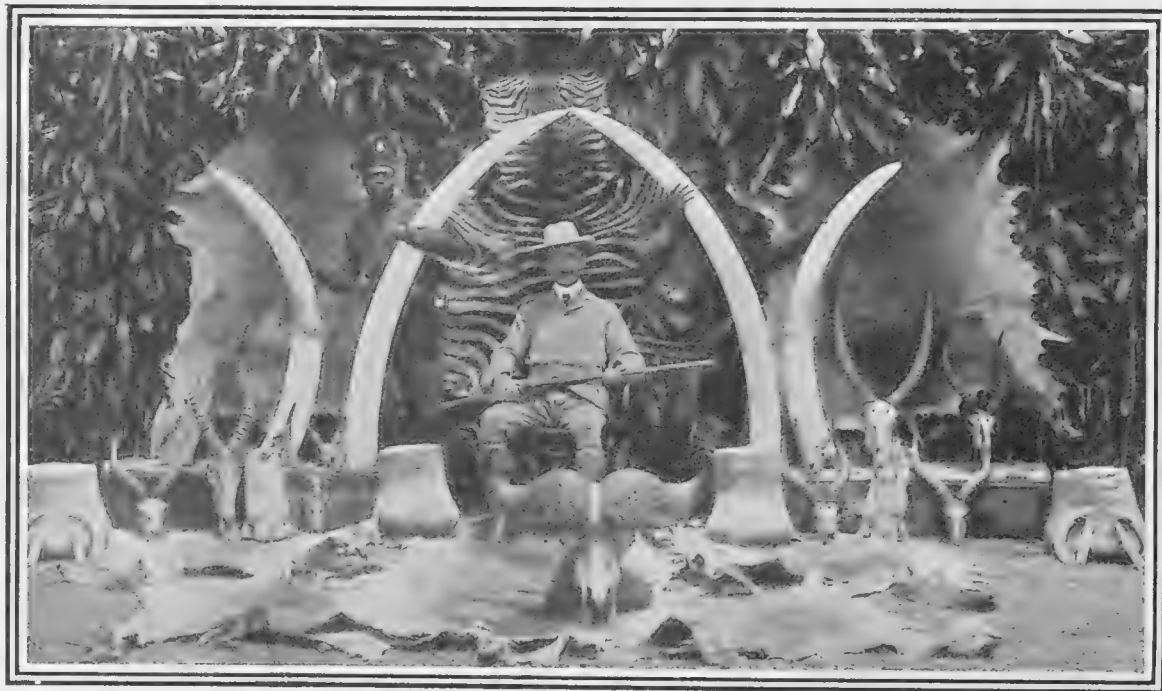
It is usual to remove the fighting cock's comb and hackle.

little punters are certain to fasten on to Dean Swift, who knows the course well. The Dean is not improving with age, and I for one should be surprised to see him win. Far more to my liking would be the chance of Dinneford, if it could be proved to my satisfaction that he is a stayer. The easy course may just suit his splendid action, and the weight does not tell here as it does on some courses; so, with Maher in the saddle, he ought to put up a great fight, even under the hunting burden of 8 st. 13 lb. Of the French horses engaged, I think Snow Leopard is the best. He is

now under the charge of Blackwell at Newmarket. I heard a day or two ago that Roseate Dawn was going well in his work with Hartigan's lot. He was a good, though unlucky horse once, and it remains to be seen whether the 'cute Weyhill trainer has been able to bring him back into form, or whether he has turned welsher. If he were straight on the day he would go very close. Silver Heeled comes from a dangerous stable, and is very likely to be

backed nearer the day of the race. I have heard that Lewis likes his horses to have 10 lb. in hand when he tells his patrons to back them, so the market should be our guide—in the case of Silver Heeled, at any rate.

CAPTAIN COE.



BRITAIN IN CENTRAL AFRICA: MR. HESKETH BELL, FIRST GOVERNOR OF UGANDA, WITH THE TROPHIES HE SECURED RECENTLY DURING A TOUR NEAR MOUNT RUWENZORI.

Mr. Bell was appointed his Majesty's Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief in Uganda in 1905. Before then he had served on the Gold Coast and in the Bahamas, and had been Administrator of Dominica. He was born in 1864, and became C.M.G. in 1903.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Inarticulate Celebrities.

The late Duke of Devonshire was, for the British public, "the Duke," just as the Duke of Wellington enjoyed the same distinction at the beginning of the previous century. Both soldier and statesman earned an extraordinary prestige through their unique powers of silence. There is something unapproachable and awe-inspiring in the person who remains majestically dumb, no matter what torrents of rhetoric are flowing. For all one knows to the contrary, the silent one is on the side of the angels. Whatever you say, he does not deign to contradict you, thus leaving to you not only the useless fatigue of argument but the burden of proving your case. Owing to certain temperamental idiosyncrasies, very few women have ever grasped the idea that silence—in England, at any rate—means power. The Scots are a reticent people, and there is no bushel thick enough effectually to hide their light. The Irish are born talkers and orators, and the world will continue to be a witness to the chaos of the Emerald Isle. In all her history Ireland has only produced one silent statesman; and Parnell, with happier chances, might have procured for his country the doubtful benefits of autonomy. On the whole, the strong man—and the strong woman—

should be more or less inarticulate.

A Frenchwoman on Englishwomen.

The Comtesse de Boigne was no unkindly observer of English manners, and, as daughter of the French Ambassador in London after the Restoration, she had ample means of studying our social customs. Yet nothing astonished this clever and sprightly lady more than the forlorn case of the dowager in English society. Our absence of family ties and our lack of affection struck her as it strikes all foreigners who visit this island. The system which consigns a peeress to a small dower-house and a meagre income the instant her husband dies, while her son, nephew, or distant cousin reigns in glory in her stead, seemed to Mme. de Boigne heartless. Then the lack of any close sympathy, any community of interests between married children and their mothers seemed equally curious. "Once the daughter is married," she writes, "she and her mother are strangers, and the mother is only formally invited to dinner a week in advance."

The dowager, according to Mme. de Boigne, now joins the army of elderly ladies who

The Psychology of Dress.

There is a pathological as well as a psychological reason for everything nowadays, and it seems that women are quite right to be fussy about the fit of their clothes. It is impossible, it appears, to feel self-respect if you are condemned to a creasy coat, while the number of plumes in a hat has been known to have prodigious influence on human character. Experience shows that pauper lunatics will suffer such mortification if their trousers are too short that recovery is hopeless, which would look as if the human biped retained its love of dress and pride of personal appearance when other more important mental attributes had departed. Indeed, in the treatment of the mentally afflicted, I fancy dress might play an important part. Instead of arraying these unfortunates in shabby, shoddy suits or dingy skirts and shawls, why not let them have the habiliments of the characters they affect? Tinsel crowns are cheap, ermine can be made from rabbit, while tin swords and shining helmets can be purchased for sixpence in the nearest toy-shops. As for the so called sane ('tis a mad world, my masters) a larger latitude—as Mr. Henry James would say—should be allowed by society to the men and women who like to adorn themselves in fashions of their own. This question of clothes, it seems, is a mental one, and closely connected with the processes of the brain. It accounts for the sense of outrage felt by every female person when the dress-maker sends home some caricature of the garment ordered, for one's wrath and despair are generally out of all proportion to the trivial matter in hand.

Little Encyclopædists.

Long-suffering parents of inquisitive children will owe a debt of gratitude to the publishers of the new juvenile encyclopædia. If they can turn the torrent of inane and unanswerable questions of the nursery people on to some omniscient official, life will be a good deal easier in the drawing-room and the study. For it is among the penalties of parenthood to be considered infallible. Mr. Edmund Gosse, in his recent delightful study of the filial relation, tells us that the first great shock of his life was when he found that his awe-inspiring parent was not, like the gods, all-knowing. The day he found his father stating what was not strictly veracious was the beginning of the end. His juvenile faith was shaken, and sooner or later the two were destined to part. This was a bit hard on Gosse *père*; but, then, that eminent authority on marine monsters had consistently taken it out of his little son. If the children's encyclopædia had been then in existence, this disastrous breach might never have occurred, and the future eminent critic might even have pocketed the handsome bonus of fifty pounds. For the proprietors of this new guide to learning encourage the most unlikely and unanswerable questions. "Where do I go in my sleep?" for instance, might be considered a poser, while "Who cuts up the snow?" and "Where does the music come from?" are just the kind of question which drives the ordinary parent into using unseemly language or incontinent ordering their progeny to bed.



AN EVENING-GOWN IN EAU-DE-NIL CHIFFON
OVER CHARMEUSE.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)



[Photo. Dover Street Studios.]

A CHARMING HAT SEEN AT THE MAISON LEWIS.
(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

form the majority of guests at our social festivities, for they, poor souls, have literally no other occupation or resource. "The manners of the country," declares Mme. de Boigne, "leave them no alternative than Society or solitude, extreme dissipation or neglect. It is curious how this French criticism holds good to-day, and accounts for the elderly birds of strange plumage, the often pathetic wildfowl, to be seen at our routs and dinners, our operas and fêtes.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

“OLD winter’s gone away, the Boulevards’ trees are waving,” we might sing now if we were gay students of the Quartier Latin, and did break out into song when our gaiety needed expression. London looks very nice; the shop-windows proclaim spring, the buds in the squares and parks say it is coming, and dress begins to have a brighter aspect. There is a nip in the wind yet, which keeps our bodies in warmer casings; but our heads are decked springily and gaily, and some brave creatures are out in their waists, as our American cousins phrase an absence of coat. There is no doubt that, as usual, the long and slim are first favourites with Dame Fashion. There is balm for the less long and less slim in the fact that lines carried over the shoulders right down to the hem are very kind to such figures, and that skirts with long-shaped bretelles will be worn over pretty dainty blouses. It is the pinafore style made fichu-wise. The corselet skirt we shall see, but it is good only to slender-waisted figures.

The high-crowned hats have been welcomed eagerly. They give a fairer sense of proportion when the skirts are well on the ground. With short skirts it is good to observe moderation in the size and height of hat. The crowns are of many shapes; some are frankly bee-hive, others jam-pot, many pudding-bowl, and a few almost boat-shaped, but with cavalier-width brims. These are the most generally becoming. At the moment, one is struck by the inconsistent way in which spring hats are worn with coats and skirts that have borne the storm and stress, of a long and severe winter. They are rather like the new, fresh green leaves bursting out on the blackened, dingy branches of our London shrubs; there is in their present incongruity a promise for the future!

People are leaving for Easter this week wholesale. The weddings of last week kept a great number in town; now the one idea is to get away, for wedding-bells begin to ring again with great frequency directly after Easter, and keep ringing until May comes in and brings with it the superstition that matrimony undertaken in any of its thirty-one days will be unhappy. Therefore social doings will begin again soon after Easter. On the 23rd the Queen’s Maid-of-Honour, Miss Margaret Dawnay, will be married to the Rev. Arthur Grant at the Chapel Royal, St. James’s, by special permission of the King. The Queen will not be in England, but her interest in her Maid-of-Honour’s wedding is great. Miss Dawnay is niece to Lord Grey, Lady Minto, Lady Antrim, and Lord Downe. Miss Dawnay was appointed in November 1905, so that she has not yet been three years in the Queen’s Household. She is the third of her Majesty’s Maids to marry. Miss Mary Dyke and Miss Dorothy Vivian married on the same day Mr. G. E. Bell and General Douglas Haig. The weddings took place, it will be remembered, in the private chapel of Buckingham Palace; the Queen gave the brides away.

Among the many women in England celebrated for dressing charmingly, none is more varied in method than the Duchess of Sutherland. She looks equally picturesque and dignified, whatever the style she affects. In *grande tenue* for a royal ball, wearing her finest jewels and full evening garb, she is yet a picture more than a fashionably dressed woman. At Dunrobin, wandering in the exquisite Italian garden beneath the stately white pile of the castle, looking out over the sunlit bay, her Grace, in a muslin gown and a wide-brimmed Leghorn, rose-wreathed hat, makes yet another picture. I saw her in a box at the New Theatre the other night with her young daughter, enjoying “Matt of Merry-mount.” Then she wore a soft and clinging black gown, and in her light-brown hair a wide band of cherry-red velvet was worn. Again a picture was the result; it seemed uncertain whether the effect was Greuze-like or Romney. We most of us remember Sargent’s painting of her in a dress half-blue, half-green. The picture hangs now in the dining-room of Stafford House.

Evening-gowns are desirable things now, for after Easter the season of dance-giving begins. There is no month so enjoyable for dancing as May. The nights are not hot, and the ball-rooms

not so crowded as later. On “Woman’s Ways” page a drawing will be found of an evening-gown in eau-de-nil chiffon over charmeuse. At the hem is a deep border of charmeuse silk, taking the darker tone of a lily-leaf. Above this and down the front is an insertion of lace dyed the darker green. The square-cut bodice is finished with eau-de-nil silk tulle lace and pearl and seed-pearl ornaments, while the hanging sleeves are of fine lace, green over silvery-white.

These are the days when we specialise in everything. If one wants the best one goes to a specialist. M. Lewis is one of the heads of the profession in hats—one of the heads of adorning beauty’s head, and creating the proper environment for her face. Hats—hats—and only hats, are to be found at the Maison Lewis; but they are beauties. The presiding genius of the place has provided the smartest of the smart for the coming season. There is a large chapeau of gold straw lined with bronze straw. The crown, quite a high one, is built of natural ostrich-feathers, having the proper sweep, with a fall of ostrich-plumes the same colouring at one side. It is a triumph, so light, so soft, so becoming, and so stylish. Another is of Leghorn, lined under the brim with pale-green straw, and trimmed with beautiful green ostrich-feathers. Quite a big beauty is made entirely of white spotted net, with a wide edge round the brim, black. The whole of the ethereal crown is spotted net, and the trimming is a superb Paradise bird with black-and-white feathers springing from its beautiful metallic green head. The hat looks as if it would float on a zephyr, so light and volatile is it, and, oh! so becoming. The chapeau illustrated is in vieux-rose straw, with feathers shaded to match. The Maison Lewis have just been requested to re-hat “The Merry Widow,” and will also provide the headgear in the new Gaiety piece. There is hardly a well-known actress who does not go there or a well-known Society woman who does not wear Lewis hats. They are specialists, and all smart people know it.

Swiftly as time flies, it cannot outdistance the forethought of Messrs. Huntley and Palmer’s, who, in anticipation of the usual extensive demand at Eastertide for their noted Easter cakes, have, with their accustomed scrupulous care, prepared these popular dainties in larger quantities than ever. Moreover, with their wonted genius for appetising novelties, the famous Reading firm has this year added still another specialty—a *new* Easter cake. Though smaller in size than the older form, these new dainties are equally short, crisp, and slightly sweetened, and in order to please all tastes, are in two distinct varieties—plain and currant. Nor must we overlook yet another welcome innovation—an extension of the practice, hitherto restricted to the Christmas season, of putting up certain varieties of their biscuits in highly pleasing and decorative tins. An excellent example is the “Lusitania” tin, in red, black, and gold, bearing a finely coloured picture of the gigantic Cunarder, and enclosing delectable biscuits of all shapes and all sizes, in many varieties.

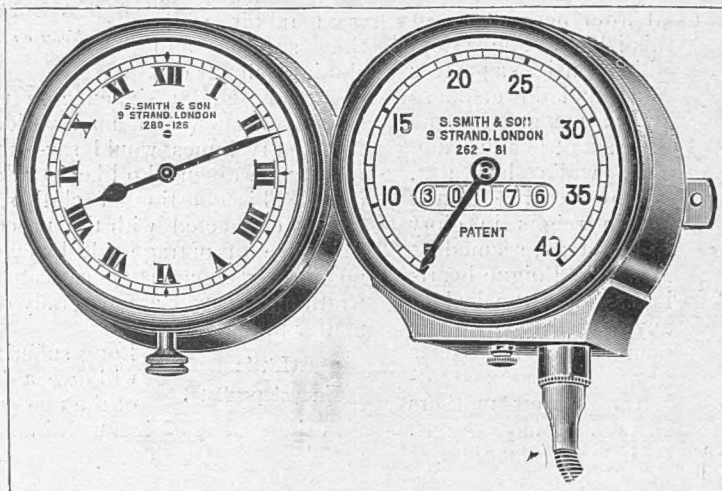
In connection with our page of “freak” menus, we are asked to state that, although we bought the photographs in question from Germany, several of the menus, notable the telephone, the aeroplane, and the kite, were made by the well-known firm of J. Taylor Foot, of 18, Poland Street, W., whose catalogue contains many another novelty.

To-morrow afternoon (April 9) there will be given at the Playhouse a special matinee in aid of the Paddington branch of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The programme will consist of a one-act comedy, “Fruit and Blossom,” and “The Little Nut-Tree,” which will be played by children.

The London and North Western Railway Company have made very complete arrangements for the Easter holidays, and those Londoners who have any desire to spend the vacation with their friends in provincial towns, or to witness the springtide glories of the country, will find no difficulty in securing railway facilities. Additional express trains will be run at ordinary fares, and excursion tickets will be issued to Scotland, Ireland, Wales, the Lake District, Blackpool, Isle of Man, and a large number of provincial towns.



NOVELTIES FOR EASTER FROM
MESSRS. HUNTLEY AND PALMER'S:
A BOX OF THE FIRM'S NOTED
EASTER CAKES AND THE "LUSITANIA" TIN OF BISCUITS.



THE NEW £7 7s. SPEED-INDICATOR AND WATCH, MADE BY
MESSRS. S. SMITH & SON, 9, STRAND, W.C.

Messrs. S. Smith and Son have just placed on sale their new £5 5s. speed-indicator. The reasons for making it are thus given by themselves: "The popularity of the 'Perfect' speed-indicator has been so continued, and the output gradually larger week by week, that consequently we have been enabled to standardise every part, increase our automatic machines—in fact, economise the cost of production in all directions. We have therefore resolved to give the public the benefit of these economies and have put an instrument on the market at a low figure to suit the users of the small car and the man of moderate means. It would have been incredible to us two years ago if it had been suggested that we could produce an all-English speed-indicator up to forty miles an hour, complete with mileage recorder, for £5 5s., or an English speed-indicator combined with a reliable watch for £7 7s., but such is now the case."

to spend the vacation with their friends in provincial towns, or to witness the springtide glories of the country, will find no difficulty in securing railway facilities. Additional express trains will be run at ordinary fares, and excursion tickets will be issued to Scotland, Ireland, Wales, the Lake District, Blackpool, Isle of Man, and a large number of provincial towns.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on April 27.

THE HOME RAILWAY MARKET.

HOME Railway stocks, more than any others in the Stock Exchange, seem quite unable to "get off the line." We mean no bad joke, but that the market has been consistently pulled back this time whenever the public appeared to make an effort in the direction of pushing prices upwards. Naturally, it is difficult for any Railway Market except the American to advance in the teeth of declining traffics and legislation that certainly tends towards the increase of working expenses, however sympathetically inclined the Board of Trade may have shown itself to the improvement of conditions as regards investors as well as employees. So far as the market is concerned, a small bull account in certain of the active stocks will perhaps tend to weigh upon the rest of the list, but the open account is clearing, and the ground grows more favourable to another advance. We still see little or no indication of an immediate improvement in prices.

Three months of the half-year have left an unpleasant record of traffic decreases, and new developments in the way of economies are needed to vitalise interest in the market and provide support for its stocks. The more the traffics for the first quarter of 1908 are looked at, the less will they be liked, for not only are the decreases pretty continuous, but they extend to both passengers and goods, although in the former class of earnings the next few months may improve matters, on account of the expected influx of visitors for the great Exhibition at Shepherd's Bush and the Olympic Games. Last year the goods increases were magnificent, but this year all but about £70,000 of that increase has been lost, and the labour troubles of the North-East Coast do not make it probable that any immediate improvement will set in.

A FEW FOREIGN BONDS.

With no transfer stamp duty to pay, and with only half the brokerage usually charged on registered stocks, foreign bonds start with about $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. advantage in cheapness, as compared with the stocks. That means £7 10s. on £1000. These are days when that amount can't be ignored. So a good 5 per cent. bond is cheap and useful. That is the reason for our frequent recommendation of Cuba Fives. The United States Government, while under no obligation to back the bonds, would in all probability go out of its way to help in the unlikely event of Cuba requiring financial assistance. Some of the Chinese bonds are good. Better authority in the City of London could not be obtained than that which pointed out to us the other day the security offered by the Chinese Imperial Railways Canton-Kowloon section, price 101; coupons February and August. The German 4 per cent. issue directs attention to European Government bonds. Certainly the German stuff looks cheap, though "why," demanded a broker of the bluest blue-water school, "should we lend Germany money to build ships in competition with our own Navy?" Shrewd students of European politics are buying Greek Funding bonds, which yield about $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. on the money now; the interest rises (or should rise) periodically. They are worth consideration, and don't cost much, the price standing at 47 or thereabouts.

ARGENTINE RAILWAYS.

They all say the Argentine Railways are issuing new stock at a rate too rapid for sound finance to approve. The Buenos Ayres and Pacific, in particular, pours out new stock in a manner only equalled by the Grand Trunk and the Cape of Good Hope. Directors of the Argentine Railways will do well to note the gathering storm of protest and to check the mania for tempting money out of stockholders' pockets. Let them check it now, giving the market a chance to recover the confidence that is beginning to ebb in consequence of the flood-tide of incessant new issues. Brokers are already chary of advising purchases of Argentine Rails for this very reason. Apart from this, there are few other causes why the Companies' stocks should not be as popular as ever. Each railway is doing splendid business. Why not, directors, let well alone, and develop along lines already established? Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary yields $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the money, and a dividend is payable immediately. Argentine Great Western, ranking with the Second Preference of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific, returns $5\frac{3}{8}$ per cent. These are two examples of many sound and cheap securities to be found in this department of the speculative investment markets.

MINING MATTERS.

Kaffirs picked up a little upon the official announcement of the Chartered Company having got its money, although to the shares of the Company most concerned the declaration did less good than many shareholders expected. This may be due to the unkind reports which are current as to the bulk of the money—some say fully half-a-million—having been subscribed by the Rhodes and Beit trustees. Apart from this highly adventitious aid, the Kaffir Circus has been buoyed up by rumours that increased dividends are likely to be paid upon Rand Mines and some of the other at-one-time popular favourites. The mere rumour rejoices our heart, although it would no more make us rush to buy Kaffirs than would the

other diligently circulated statement that the market is on the eve of better times. Nothing new in that. Let us see the increased dividends declared, and the mining industry settling down into peace and quietness; then we shall begin to look round for shares worth buying. Never mind if we do have to pay a bit more: it will be worth the extra money to see a better prospect in front of us. Until that appears, we shall look on. The Randfontein new issue can't be far away. The East Rand amalgamation scheme is none the prettier for the delicate excuses for it which are put forward. Buy Kaffirs? Might almost as well put money into the Westralian Ichabod.

ANGLO-ARGENTINE TRAMS AND THE ANTOFAGASTA RAILWAY.

Writing in these columns in July last, I remarked, on the subject of the conversion of the Ordinary shares of the *Anglo-Argentine Tramways Company* into 10 per cent. Second Preference shares—"When the advantages of the scheme are fully recognised, I have little doubt that the present Ordinary shares, or the new 10 per cent. Second Preference shares into which they are to be converted, will stand at at least £9 $\frac{1}{2}$, at which they will return nearly $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent." A great many things have happened since last July, including the American financial collapse, and it is not surprising, on the whole, that these shares have not been able to do more than hold their own, and can still be bought at about 8 $\frac{1}{2}$, at which price they return £6 7s. Nevertheless, I still think that a buyer to-day may reasonably expect to see them £1 higher before many years are past, and that their merits are not properly recognised in the present quotation. The report issued this week is a satisfactory record of progress, although comparison with previous years is difficult owing to the fact that the Belgrano Company was absorbed into the Anglo-Argentine system during 1907. The enormous number of 113,945,752 passengers was carried over the combined system in 1907—an increase of over twenty millions as compared with 1906. The receipts per mile run in 1907 were 14·37, against 13·95 in 1906, and the expenses per mile run increased from 7·95 to 8·38, the profit per mile run remaining practically the same.

The report bears eloquent testimony to the enormous and continuous growth of the city of Buenos Ayres, the value of buildings erected in Buenos Ayres in 1907 being more than double those built in 1905, and 50 per cent. higher than in 1906. Notwithstanding all that has been written about Argentina of recent years, it is probably not fully recognised by most people that Buenos Ayres has already a population of over a million, and contains something like one-fifth of the whole population of the country. People are apt to consider the tendency of population to crowd more and more into the cities as a mark of advanced civilisation and old countries, but it is singular that the tendency is even more marked in comparatively young countries like Argentina and Australia. However disquieting this tendency may be from many points of view, the result can be nothing but satisfactory for a company like the Anglo-Argentine Tramways Company, which is likely to obtain in time a monopoly of the tramway traffic of the city.

Shareholders of the *Antofagasta Railway* have had an opportunity this week, of which they will no doubt avail themselves, of applying for £650,000 of new 5 per cent. cumulative Preference stock at 95. I have already referred to the troubles which the Company encountered last year, which will greatly diminish the sum available for dividend on the Deferred stock; but these troubles may now be regarded as to a great extent over, and 1908 should show a big advance in prosperity over its predecessor.

Saturday, April 4, 1908.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

BIRMINGHAM.—Referring to our answer last week, the Brussels bonds 1905 pay their interest in July, and drawings take place on the 15th of January, March, May, July, September, and November. We cannot undertake to search the files to discover if a particular bond has been already drawn. You can subscribe to the Belgian bi-monthly *Moniteur*, which gives the numbers of bonds drawn from time to time.

W. J. T.—We should advise your not dealing with the firm in question. They will no doubt deliver your securities, but you will pay a good bit over the market price. If you want Premium bonds why not purchase at lowest market price?

A REGULAR READER.—(1) No one can call Colombia bonds a security to sleep upon. The price about represents the risk. (2) The Cartagena Railway has one class of shares only. (3) If you are set on buying Colombian Rails, the First Debentures of the National Road are perhaps good enough. A Stock Exchange official list will give you prices.

G. A. B.—Most of the shares you mention are gambles, and appear to have been bought high. We can only guess at whether they are worth holding, but if they were our own we should stick to Nos. 2 and 6. No. 1 depends on the price of copper, as to which no man can be sure. Nos. 3 and 5 we should sell.

AMO.—What the various classes of shares get in a liquidation depends on the memorandum and articles of each Company. The common form would be that the Preference first got their nominal value, and the whole of the surplus assets went to the Ordinary shares.

PHILOMELUS.—The Company has flattered its supporters so often, and then disappointed them, that we hesitate to recommend purchase. At present price it is a reasonable gamble.

PHENIX.—The concern is chiefly a means of palming off second-rate securities, which it buys or gets options upon and then disposes of at a profit. "Sundries" is a convenient item, covering a multitude of sins. We have no faith in the Company or its methods. The securities you mention would not be good enough for our own money.

A. B. G.—The address you want is 3, London Wall Buildings, E.C., but the name of the Company is "Goldfields," not "Gold Mines."

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Derby the following should run well: Doveridge Handicap, Altitude; Welbeck Handicap, Felt; Derbyshire Handicap, Pillo; Osmaston Plate, Sir Nigel; Chatsworth Stakes, Claudian. At Stockport the following should go close: Spring Handicap, Killigrew; Hartburn Handicap, Taal; North Yorkshire Handicap, Kearsage; Wolvaston Welter, Scotch Boy. At Lewes these should be followed: Open Welter, Kat; Three-Year-Old Handicap, Hope; Abergavenny Stakes, Lady Syme; Club Welter, Crathorne; Spring Handicap, Salford; Apprentices' Handicap, The Nut.

EASTER RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

AT Easter it is now quite the fashion to flit across the Channel; and to enable the journey to be performed economically the Brighton Railway Company have arranged to run a special fourteen-day excursion via the Newhaven-Dieppe Royal Mail route, through the charming scenery of Normandy and the Valley of the Seine. The tickets will be issued on April 15, 16, 17, and 18. Special cheap return tickets to Dieppe will also be issued. At Dieppe the Casino will be open for the holidays.

The Great Western Railway's extensive list of excursions for the Easter holidays will be of great assistance to holiday-makers. Cheap trips have been arranged to the "Riviera of England"—Cornwall, Devon, North and South Wales, the Midlands, Ireland (via Fishguard), and many other places. A special trip will be run to "Beautiful Brittany." A pamphlet giving full details of all Easter excursions can be obtained free at all Great Western Railway offices and stations, or direct from the Inquiry Office, Paddington Station.

For visiting Holland and Germany during the Easter holidays, the Great Eastern Railway Company's British Royal Mail Hook of Holland route offers exceptional facilities. Passengers leaving London in the evening, and the Northern and Midland counties in the afternoon, arrive at the chief Dutch cities on the following morning. From the Hook of Holland, through carriages and restaurant-cars run in the North and South German express trains to Cologne, Bâle, and Berlin, reaching Cologne at noon, Bâle and Berlin in the evening. For the convenience of passengers, tickets dated in advance can be obtained at the Liverpool Street Station Continental Inquiry or booking offices. The Danish Royal Mail steamers of the Forenede Line of Copenhagen will leave Harwich for Esbjerg (on the west coast of Denmark) on Monday, April 13; Thursday, April 16; Saturday, April 18, returning Tuesday, April 21; Wednesday, April 22. The General Steam Navigation Company's steamers will leave Harwich on April 16 and 18, returning April 19 and April 22.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway will issue excursion tickets to Paris, Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, Mentone, Boulogne, Calais, Brussels, Amsterdam, The Hague, and other Dutch towns, Ostend, and Switzerland. The home arrangements are excellent, and include special excursions to such popular resorts as St. Leonards, Hastings, Bexhill, Herne Bay, Westgate, Margate, Broadstairs, Ramsgate, Folkestone, Ashford, Canterbury, Deal, and Tunbridge Wells. In order to accommodate the increasing traffic to Switzerland, they have arranged for a special night service by the popular Dover-Calais-Laon-Bâle route to leave Charing Cross at 9 p.m., every Tuesday and Friday, on and from Tuesday next. The large steam-ship *Le Pas de Calais* will cross in the service from Dover to Calais in sixty-five minutes. Full particulars of the Continental and home excursions, etc., are given in the Special Holiday Programme and bills.

The Great Northern Railway Company's Easter Excursion programme this year contains an extensive and varied list of facilities

for holiday-makers. Excursions have been arranged to Newcastle, Middlesbrough, Leeds, Bradford, Manchester, Sheffield, Nottingham, Cromer, Lynn, and other stations in Norfolk, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, and North-eastern Districts and the principal stations in Scotland; while half-day trips are announced to such places as Luton, Dunstable, Hertford, Hitchin, Letchworth, and Skegness. Copies of the Great Northern Company's Easter Programme can be obtained on application at any of the Company's stations or offices, or from the Chief Passenger Agent, King's Cross Station, N.

The Midland Railway Company have adopted a novel experiment in advertising their Easter Holiday arrangements. The excursion bills have all been printed in black ink, on a rich orange-tinted paper, to give them a distinctive character from the issues of other companies. The London programme reflects the same prevailing tint on its cover, and comprises some thirty pages. Copies of the programme may be obtained on application at St. Pancras, or any receiving-office of the company, or the offices of Thomas Cook and Sons. The weekly local excursions will be issued as usual. Cheap week-end tickets will be issued on Thursday, April 16, as well as on Good Friday and Saturday, April 17 and 18, from London (St. Pancras) and other Midland stations, to the principal holiday and health resorts in England and Scotland.

To those who are looking for a restful and health-giving change from the present sphere of worry during the Easter recess, the "A B C Excursion Programme" just issued by the Great Central Railway will strongly appeal. Within its covers are conveniently tabulated an almost unlimited choice of resorts suitable for all tastes and requirements. The arrangements for Thursday, April 16, cover nearly six hundred seaside and inland resorts, extending through the Midland counties, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Lincolnshire, North-east and North-west coasts, and North of England generally. Other noticeable features of the programme are the issue of Saturday to Monday week-end tickets, frequent day and half-day facilities, and cycle and pedestrian tour-tickets to the picturesque and historical country in Middlesex, Herts, and beechy Bucks. Copies of this publication may be obtained free at Marylebone Station, Company's suburban stations and town offices, or from Publicity Department, 216, Marylebone Road, N.W.

"In the path of the sun, for health and pleasure," though an old dictum, still holds good, and those who are acting upon this sound principle and travelling "to the West" for the early holiday at Easter will find the arrangements made by the London and South-Western Railway Company thoroughly comprehensive and convenient. Cheap "Thursday to Tuesday" tickets (all classes) will be issued and many excursions will be run. A special feature of the London and South-Western Railway Company's Easter tours to the Continent from London (Waterloo) is the 24s. 6d. trip to beautiful Brittany via Southampton and St. Malo. Programmes giving full particulars of special arrangements can be obtained from Mr. Henry Holmes, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.



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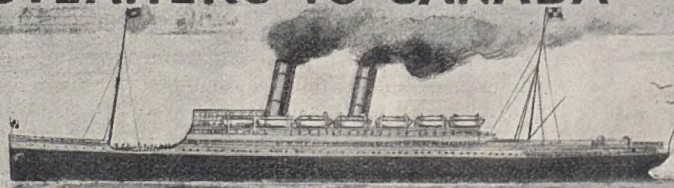
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